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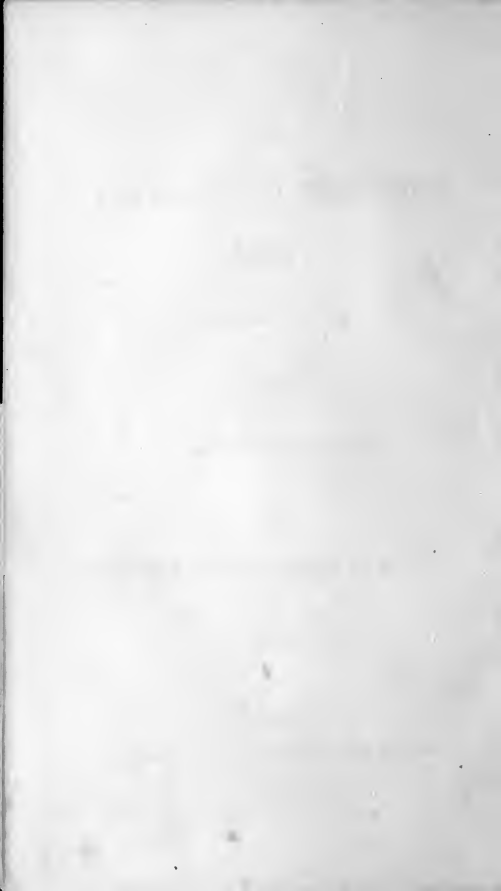
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THE  
**HISTORY OF JOSEPH,**  
**A POEM,**  
**IN TEN BOOKS.**

WITH  
*Miscellaneous Poems.*

BY  
**MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.**

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# HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

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## BOOK I.

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*An invocation to the Divine Spirit. A description of the temple of Moloch, in the valley of Hinnon, where a congress of the infernal powers are met to contrive some method to extirpate the Hebrew race.*

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CELESTIAL muse, that, on the blissful plain,  
Art oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal strain;  
Inspir'd by thee, the first-born sons of light  
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight;  
Pleas'd with thy voice, the spheres began their round,  
The morning stars danc'd to the charming sound:  
Yet thou hast often left the crystal tow'rs,  
To visit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee, the courtly swain of old,  
Beneath mount Horeb sacred wonders told  
Of boundless chaos, and primeval night,  
The springs of motion, and the seeds of light.  
The sun stood still, to bear his radiant birth,  
With the formation of the balanc'd earth.  
The moon on high, check'd her nocturnal car,  
And list'ning staid, with ev'ry ling'ring star.  
The hills around and lofty Sinah heard  
By whose command their tow'ring heads were rear'd.

The flow'rs their gay original attend ;  
 Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.  
 The fountains rose, the streams their course withheld,  
 To hear the ocean's wond'rous source reveal'd.  
 The birds sit silent on the branches near,  
 The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.  
 The swains forgot their labour, while he sung,  
 How, from the dust, their great forefather sprung :  
 A vital call awoke him from the ground,  
 The moving clay obey'd th' almighty sound.  
 Thus sung in lofty strains the noble bard ;  
 The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But thou, propitious muse, a gentler fire  
 Didst breathe, and tune to softer notes the lyre,  
 When royal Leb'non heard the am'rous king  
 The beauties of his lov'd Egyptian sing :  
 The sacred lays a mystic sense unfold,  
 And things divine in human types were told.  
 Disdain not, gentle pow'r, my song to grace,  
 While I the paths of heav'nly justice trace ;  
 And twine a blooming garland for the youth,  
 Renown'd for honour, and unblemish'd truth.

Let others tell of ancient conquests won,  
 And mighty deeds, by favour'd heroes done ;  
 (Heroes enslav'd to pride, and wild desires,)  
 A virgin muse, a virgin theme requires ;  
 Where vice, and wanton beauty quit the field,  
 And guilty loves to stedfast virtue yield.

Jacob, with heav'n's peculiar favour blest,  
 Leaving the fertile regions of the East ;  
 (Where Haron, then a noble city, stood,  
 Between fair Tigris, and Euphrates' flood ;)  
 From Laban fled, and by divine command

Pursu'd his journey to his native land.  
 Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore  
 His wives, his children, and his household store :  
 Of purchas'd slaves, he led an endless train,  
 His flocks and herds engross'd the wide champaign.

The shepherd's art was all his fathers knew,  
 His sons the same industrious life pursue.  
 The God his pious ancestors ador'd,  
 Th' Almighty God, at Bethel, he implor'd :  
 An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,  
 Where twice the radiant vision had appear'd ;  
 The pow'rs of hell, the dreadful omen fear'd :  
 Each demon trembles in his hollow shrine,  
 The raving priests amazing things divine.

In Hinnon's vale a fane to Moloch stood,  
 Around it rose a consecrated wood ;  
 Whose mingled shades, excluded noon-day light,  
 And made below uninterrupted night.  
 Pale tapers, hung around in equal rows,  
 The mansion of the sullen king disclose ;  
 Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard ;  
 Within the cries of infant ghosts were heard ;  
 On seven high altars rise polluted fires,  
 While human victims feed the ruddy spires.  
 The place Gehenna call'd, resembled well  
 The native gloom and dismal vaults of hell.  
 'Twas night, and goblins in the darkness danc'd,  
 The priest in frantic visions lay entranc'd ;  
 While here conven'd the Pagan terrors sat,  
 In solemn council, and mature debate,  
 T' avert the storm impending o'er their state.  
 Th' apostate princes with resentment fired,  
 Anxious, and bent on black designs, conspir'd

To find out schemes successful to efface  
 Great Heber's name, and crush the sacred race ;  
 From whence they knew the long predicted King,  
 Th' infernal empire's destin'd foe, should spring :  
 Who conqu'ror o'er their vanquish'd force should tread,  
 And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead,  
 Th' affair their deepest policy commands,  
 And brought them hither from remotest land ;  
 From Ur, Armenia, and Iberia's shores,  
 From Nile and Ophir, rich with golden ores,  
 And where the Adrian wave, and where th' Atlantic  
       roars.

Nesroth appears, his amber chariot drawn  
 With snowy steeds ; him at the rising dawn  
 The Syrian worships from his airy hills,  
 Whose vales with wealth the fram'd Araxis fills.  
 Belus forsakes his high frequented domes,  
 And o'er the famous plains of Shinah comes :  
 Plegor descends his mount ; to him were paid,  
 With impious rites, libations for the dead.  
 Impious Rimmon came, whose mansion stood  
 On the fair banks of Pharphar's lucid flood.  
 Osiris left his Nile, and thund'ring Baal  
 The rock, whence Arnon's plenteous waters fall.  
 Mithra, whom all the East adores, was there ;  
 And, like his own resplendent planet, fair,  
 With yellow tresses, and enchanting eyes,  
 Dissembling beauty, would the fiend disguise.  
 Nor fail'd a deity of female name,  
 Astarte, with her silver crescent came :  
 Melita left her Babylonian bow'rs ;  
 Where wanton damsels, crown'd with blushing flow'rs,  
 In all the summer's various lustre gay,

Detested orgies to the goddess pay.

These various pow'rs, their various schemes propose  
But none the assembly pleas'd, till Mithra rose ;  
(Of an alluring mien above the rest)

Who thus the apostate potentates address'd ;

' Mankind by willing steps to ruin move,  
Their own wild passions their destruction prove,  
But the most fatal is forbidden love.

Old Jacob boasts a daughter young and fair,  
Fond Leah's glory, and peculiar care :

Her eyes inflame the gazing Pagan hearts,  
Young Shechem has already felt their darts ;  
Who lately saw her with her virgin train,  
Near Shalem, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.

I'll fill his youthful breast with mad desire,  
By fraud, or force, his wishes to acquire.

The coming day he does a feast prepare,  
By me instructed how to hide the snare ;

Fair Dinah is his sister's promis'd guest,  
Impatient love will soon complete the rest.

The damsel's wrongs her brothers will enflame  
To right, with hostile arms, the Hebrew's shame ;  
By which provok'd, the Canaanites shall join  
With us t' abolish this detested line.'

' Revenge and bloody faction are my care,'  
Moloch replies, ' thine be the soft affair ;

Without instructions thou canst act thy part,  
Well practis'd in the nice alluring art ;

Euphrates' banks, and Senac's conscious shades,  
Attest thy freedom with th' Assyrian maids :

Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,  
Was there devoted to terrestrial loves :

Thy sacred lyre, to human subjects strung,

No more with tiresome hallelujahs rung;  
 This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,  
 Nor fail'd thy sparkling eyes to charm the beauteous  
 kind.

The bold example of thy loose amours,  
 Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly pow'rs;  
 Who vainly had the first probation stood,  
 Proof to ambition, obstinately good,  
 Long after I, with my associates fell,  
 Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell;  
 On softer motives you abhorr'd the skies,  
 Allur'd by women's captivating eyes:  
 The sons of God thus with the race of man  
 Were mingled; hence the giant stock began.  
 Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,  
 I'll in my turn the hated tribe assail;  
 Domestick faction may at last prevail.  
 Joseph, his doating father's life, and joy,  
 By well concerted means we must destroy;  
 This youth, above the rest, excites my fear,  
 Divine presages in his face appear:  
 Officious Gabriel's care to him confin'd,  
 Foretels a man for mighty things design'd;  
 His brethren, acted by my powerful fire,  
 Against his envied life shall all conspire.  
 Joseph removed, old Jacob's, greatest prop,  
 The race shall mourn, in him, their blasted hope.  
 Here Moloch ceas'd; the infernal spirits rose,  
 Crowning the double plot with vast applause,

## BOOK II.

*Jacob's daughter dishonour'd by Shechem, Prince of the Hivites. Her brothers revenge the injury. The Patriarch relates to his sons Abraham's conquest over the King of Elam and his royal confederates. He rescues Lot. Melchisedek meets and blesses Abraham. The intended sacrifice of Isaac.*

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YOUNG Shechem all the night impatient lay,  
And sought with eager eyes the breaking day;  
With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,  
And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r:  
Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,  
And soothes, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild desire:  
Sidonia, guiltless of her brother's snares,  
To grace her lovely Hebrew guest prepares;  
Who with her young companions now appears,  
Too innocent for nice reserves or fears.  
Her artless looks, nor tim'rous, nor assur'd,  
With easy charms the Jebusites allur'd:  
A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face,  
Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,  
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.  
Rich orient bracelets, round her snowy arms  
And faultless neck, improve her native charms;  
The Hivite princess entertains the maid,  
To Hamor's palace fatally betray'd;  
Where, at the pomp of one surprising feast,  
She meets the luxury of all the East.

Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,  
 The people's customs, and their strange attire,  
 Till modest rules, and the declining day,  
 With Leah's charge, forbid her longer stay :  
 But, ah ! too late, she finds herself betray'd  
 To Shechem's pow'r, a lost defenceless maid ;  
 A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,  
 By fraud seduc'd, and brutal force constrain'd,  
 Her name dishonour'd and her nation stain'd.  
 In vain with tender sighs he strives to move  
 The injur'd fair to voluntary love ;  
 The strictest rules of chastity she knew,  
 With all, that to her great descent was due ;  
 But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,  
 His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tidings reach'd her father's ears,  
 And almost sunk his venerable years :

Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine ;  
 But guard with secret guile, their black design.

The town in feasts consum'd the second day,  
 And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.

The restless shepherds ere the ling'ring dawn,  
 Each held his sword for horrid action drawn :  
 Surpris'd the city like a rising flood,

Rag'd through the streets, and bath'd their swords in  
 blood.

The Hebrews pleas'd with this successful fate,  
 Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate :  
 Fierce Simeon through the bright apartments flew,  
 And old and young, without distinction, slew.

Shechem, with restless passion still inspir'd,  
 Was with the charming Israelite retir'd :  
 And first by mad insulting Levi found ;



Without a pause he gave the desperate wound.  
 'Take thy despatch, curst ravisher, for hell,'  
 He said; and down the bleeding victim fell:  
 His fatal mistress turns away her eyes,  
 With horror seiz'd, and trembling with surprise.  
 The swains her roving vanity upbraid,  
 And to their tents the penitent convey'd;  
 Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,  
 But Judah thus defends the hostile act:

'Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,  
 With lawless mixtures Abram's stock defile?  
 Our wives and sisters in our sight constrain:  
 While we, regardless of the shameful stain,  
 Stand tamely by, and scarce of wrong complain?  
 They first intrench'd on hospitable trust,  
 And human faith;—our vengeance is but just.'

'Such Justice never mingle with my fame,'  
 Good Israel cries, 'nor spot my guiltless name!  
 The realms around, who idol gods revere,  
 Will this black deed with indignation hear;  
 And all their policy and rage unite,  
 To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.'

So hell believ'd—but heav'n a sacred dread  
 Of Jacob's sons among the nations spread;  
 While he at Bethel with a pious flame,  
 Implores the great unutterable Name.  
 From thence to Mamre's peaceful plain retires,  
 Where Kirjath-arba lifts her golden spires:  
 Illustrious Arba built and nam'd the place,  
 The boasted father of the giant race;  
 For them design'd the monstrous plan appear'd  
 To heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'd;  
 In careless joys, and plenty here they live,

And to the neighbouring swains protection give,  
 Beneath, the hill, on which their city stood,  
 Ascending high a venerable wood ;  
 The solemn shades, which gave a secret dread,  
 Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,  
 Machpelah call'd ; with wondrous labour wrought ;  
 This Abram of the giant nation bought :  
 The cave, the wood, the springs, and bordering field,  
 Ephron their prince, by public contract seal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the shepherds drive  
 Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live ;  
 While frequent through the consecrated ground,  
 Inscriptions and old monuments they found.  
 Where'er celestial visions had appear'd,  
 The pious worshippers an altar rear'd ;  
 The mystic name, to mortals long unknown,  
 Was deeply figur'd on the polish'd stone ;  
 By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas seen,  
 That heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar stood ;  
 This Jacob to the rural concourse show'd ;  
 ' Here see,' he said, ' the memory retain'd  
 Of Abram's conquest near Damascus gain'd.

To distant lands the eastern rule was spread,  
 And Jordan's banks a yearly tribute paid :  
 The king of Sodom first contemn'd the yoke,  
 Admah and Zeboim next the treaty broke.  
 At this the royal Elamite enrag'd,  
 The neighbouring kings, his great allies, engag'd ;  
 Arioch and mighty Tidal join their force,  
 Conquest where'er they turn attends their course.  
 The Horims on mount Seir their valour prove,  
 Their troops the Emims from their fortress drove.

In Siddim's vale the adverse princes stay,  
 There Shibna, Bera, and Shemeber lay.  
 Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,  
 And for the victory his ranks dispose :  
 But scarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,  
 So soon the troops of Sodom took their flight :  
 The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,  
 Their jav'lins, swords, and shields at once forego.  
 Some seek the woods, and some a shelt'ring cave ;  
 Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, save :  
 While others plunging down fair Jordan's tide,  
 From the stern looks of war their faces hide.  
 Th' invaders sheath their swords, and scorn to grace  
 With martial deaths the despicable race.  
 Bera alone and Lot sustain'd the field,  
 But press'd by numbers were compell'd to yield.  
 These with the riches of the town a prey,  
 To Paran's hills the conqu'rors bore away.

This Abram heard, and gather'd on the plain  
 A valiant band, his own domestic train :  
 His glad assistance Eshcol brings, a youth  
 Of public honour, and unblemish'd truth ;  
 With Aner, Mamre, dauntless both and young,  
 Brothers, all three from noble Amor sprung.

'Twas night, secure the victor army lies,  
 Scornful of foes, and fearless of surprise ;  
 By Heav'n's command a sudden vapour spreads  
 O'er all the hosts, and clouds their drowsy heads ;  
 To the high throne of sense soft slumber climbs,  
 Slackens their sinews, and berumbs their limbs :  
 The captive's eyes alone its force repell'd,  
 Nor to the pleasing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confederates draw,

And by the glimm'ring fires its posture saw :  
 The foremost rank, the swift invaders slew,  
 And soon the waking pris'ners heard and knew  
 Their active friends, that to their succour flew.  
 Abram his nephew, he the rest untied ;  
 The sleeping foe avenging swords supplied :  
 From file to file the avenging brothers pass,  
 And leave them breathless on the purple grass.  
 Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,  
 And scatters wide destruction o'er the plain.  
 The terrouer grows, the clash of arms, and cries  
 Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.  
 Prince Arioch, startled at the noise, awakes,  
 And from his eyes the fatal slumber shakes.  
 At oft repeated calls his legions arm,  
 And madly haste to meet the loud alarm :  
 But by a force more prevalent outdone,  
 On certain fate with eager steps they run ;  
 Disorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,  
 And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning rose, and with her blushing light  
 Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight ;  
 The joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils ;  
 And now returning from their martial toils,  
 A royal priest at Salem, Abram meets  
 With presents, and a benediction greets  
 The Hebrew bands :—to heav'n he lifts his eyes,  
 ' And blest be that propitious power,' he cries,  
 ' Who walks the crystal circuit of the skies ;  
 Who hears the boast of mortals with disdain,  
 Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain.'  
 His mien was solemn, and his face divine,  
 Refulgent gems around his temples shine :

His graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,  
 Trailing behind, a train majestic drew.  
 The tenth of all great Abram gives the priest,  
 The kings and Amorites divide the rest.  
 All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,  
 And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.  
 The swains were list'ning still, when Jacob cries,  
 'To yonder mountain now direct your eyes ;  
 For there a brighter scene of glory lies.  
 'Twas there the wond'ring sun in Abram view'd  
 The noblest height of human fortitude ;  
 The pious man in guiltless sleep lay drown'd,  
 When through his ears thunder'd the fatal sound ?  
 ' Arise, and Isaac on mine altar lay,  
 With thy own hand the destin'd victim slay ;'  
 He starts, and cries, ' Who can this thought inspire ?  
 Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require ?  
 The dreadful call again surpris'd his ears,  
 And, lo ! the well-known heav'nly form appears.  
 He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,  
 And with his darling to Moriah goes.  
 Astonish'd, long he by the altar stood,  
 Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred wood ;  
 Half dead himself ; the wond'ring youth he binds,  
 Who now his sire's severe intention finds.  
 ' What thoughts,' he ask'd, ' my father, have possess'd  
 Your soul ? what horrid fury fills your breast ?  
 Am I to hell a sacrifice design'd ?  
 Some cruel demon must your reason blind.  
 Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,  
 No human victims on their altars bleed.'  
 ' 'Tis heav'n,' the patriarch said, ' this fact requires,  
 'Tis heav'n—be witness, yon ethereal fires !

Yet, countless as the stars, from thee must spring  
 Victorious nations, and the mystic King :  
 'Tis past relief—yet by himself he swore,  
 Who from the dead thy relics can restore :  
 What obstacle surmounts almighty power ?

This said, the pious youth resign'd his life ;  
 Blest Abram shook off all paternal strife,  
 And forward thrust the consecrated knife.  
 As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,  
 And warded with his hand the fatal stroke.  
 When thus a voice streams downward from above,  
 Breathing divine beneficence and love.

' By my great self I swear to bless thy race  
 With endless favour, and peculiar grace ;  
 Thy scepter'd sons the spacious East shall sway,  
 While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.'

Here Jacob ends, and to his tent retires ;  
 Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.

## BOOK III.

*The infernal powers endeavour to raise factions in Jacob's family. Joseph's dreams. His brothers' jealousy and malice. He comes to Dothan. They confine him in a pit while they consult his ruin. An angel in a vision presages to him his future greatness, and warns him of the snares of beauty and unlawful love. His brothers spare his life, and sell him to the Midian merchants, travelling with their spicy traffick into Egypt. Jacob, obstinate in grief, refuses all consolation.*

---

**M**EANTIME the Pagan deities displeas'd,  
To find the public storm so soon appeas'd,  
Studious attempt by new malicious ways,  
Among the Hebrews civil jars to raise :  
Moloch already had provok'd the strife,  
And kindling mischief threatens Joseph's life.

The lovely youth, fair Rachel's boasted son,  
Completely form'd, his seventeenth year begun ;  
His mother's sparkling eyes, and blooming grace,  
Mixt with severer strokes, adorn'd his face.  
Not he that in Sabea's fragrant grove,  
(As poets sung) inflam'd the queen of love,  
Nor Hylas, nor Narcissus look'd so gay,  
When the clear streams his rosy blush display.

In all his conduct something noble shone,  
Which meant him for a greatness yet unknown.  
Visions had oft his rising fate foretold :  
The last to Jacob thus his lips unfold,

His brethren by :—‘ When sleep had clos’d mine eyes,  
 A corny field before my fancy flies ;  
 (Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears !  
 My brothers with me reap’d the bending ears ;  
 Industrious, each a single sheaf had bound,  
 When theirs with sudden motion mine surround,  
 And bow’d with prostrate rev’rence to the ground.  
 But now my mind of rural business clear’d,  
 Above my head a wondrous scene appear’d ;  
 The moon and stars at highest noon shone bright,  
 Unconquer’d by the sun’s superiour light ;  
 Methought I saw the gaudy orbs descend,  
 And at my feet with humble homage bend.’

The shepherds hear his story with surprise :  
 ‘ Must we thy vassals be ? Proud Ashur cries,  
 With rage and threat’ning malice in his eyes.

At Mamre, Jacob and his favourite stay,  
 The rest to Dothan’s flow’ry meadows stray ;  
 Infernal envy all their bosoms fires,  
 And black resolves and horrid thoughts inspires :  
 At last young Joseph’s murder is design’d,  
 Hell with the monstrous treachery combin’d.

He comes to Dothan, by his father sent,  
 And heav’n alone his ruin can prevent.  
 Their guiltless prey, he stands without defence,  
 But inborn worth, and fearless innocence.  
 His brethren’s crimes, his father’s hoary hairs,  
 Were all the subjects that alarm’d his fears.

The fatal stroke they now prepare to give,  
 When Reuben’s arts the hopeless youth retrieve,  
 By thus advising,—‘ Let your brother live.  
 A thousand easy methods yet remain,  
 To render all his glorious projects vain ;



But till we have determin'd the design,  
 To yonder pit th' aspiring boy confine.  
 To him they yield, and to their tents retire.  
 The fiends below their own success admire.

The night prevails, and draws her sable train,  
 With silent pace, along th' ethereal plain.  
 By fits the dancing stars exert their beams ;  
 The silver crescent glimmers on the streams ;  
 The sluggish waters, with a drowsy roar,  
 And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore ;  
 Their murmur answers to the rustling breeze,  
 That faintly whispers through the nodding trees ;  
 The peaceful echoes undisturb'd with sound,  
 Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around ;  
 Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept ;  
 A still solemnity all nature kept ;  
 Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies  
 Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes ;  
 To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,  
 And from the skies commission'd Gabriel drew ;  
 One of the seven, who by appointed turns  
 Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.

A sudden day, returning on the night,  
 Vanquish'd the shades, and put the stars to flight  
 Th' enlighten'd cave receives the shining guest  
 In all his heav'nly pomp divinely drest ;  
 He greets the youth, and thus his charge exprest :

' To-morrow thou must leave rich Jordan's shore,  
 And trace Moriah's sacred hill no more ;  
 A great and grateful nation yet unknown,  
 Sav'd by thy care, shall thee their patron own ;  
 But let thy breast impenetrable prove  
 To wanton beauty, and forbidden love :

his heaven enjoins.'—The wond'ring shepherd bow'd ;  
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face display'd,  
And with a rosy smile dispell'd the shade.  
The faction rose, and close in council sat,  
On means that must determine Joseph's fate ;  
Nor long they sat, for on the neighbouring road,  
A train of camels with their spicy load,  
Follow'd by Midian merchants travell'd by :  
'Heav'n marks the way,' the envious brothers cry,  
'Whate'er the ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,  
His hopes with these to foreign lands we'll send.

They stop the Midianites, and soon agree,  
Resolv'd no more his hated face to see.  
With looks, which perfect inward anguish tell ;  
And falling tears, he took this sad farewell.

'I go to wander on some barb'rous clime,  
May heav'nly justice ne'er avenge this crime !  
Be still indulgent to my father's age,  
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes assuage.'

They hear, they see the anguish of his soul,  
And scarce their struggling pity can control ;  
Touch'd with so sad a scene, they all begin  
To feel remorse for this unnatural sin,  
And half repent ; but hate and envy prove  
Their victor passions, and repress their love.  
They form a specious fraud, to hide the deed  
From their old sire, and in the plot succeed.  
Their brother's varied coat they still retain'd,  
And with a bleeding kid the vestment stain'd ;  
With this to Mamre treach'rous Simeon goes,  
Too well the lost old man the relick knows.  
After a dismal pause his sorrow breaks

Its violent way, and this sad language speaks :

‘ My son !—alas, some savage monster’s prey !

Why have I liv’d to this detested day !

Why have I linger’d thus ? I should have died,

When thy more happy mother left my side,

My best lov’d wife :—but all my Rachel’s face

I could in thy resembling features trace.

Tormenting thought !—O hide me from the light

Its useless rays afflict my feeble sight ;

Come, lead me to the solitary grave,

Despair and woe that dark retirement crave ;

There shall I, stretch’d upon my dusty bed,

Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.”

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,

In vain persuade inexorable grief ;

’Tis deep, and intermingled with his soul,

Nor time nor counsel can its force control.

## BOOK IV.

*A description of Egypt, with the pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian merchants to a captain of the royal guards. He leads him to his palace. Shews his wife the handsome captive. Her growing passion for him. A young Assyrian maid, endeavouring to amuse and divert her mistress, tells her the story of Ninus and Semiramis.*

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**M**EANWHILE through savage woods, and deserts  
vast,

The captive with his Midian masters past,  
At last rich Egypt's pleasant coasts are seen,  
The level meads drest with immortal green;  
Between them fertile Nile directs his course,  
And nobly flows from his immortal source.  
Along the borders of the sacred flood  
Aspiring groves and stately cities stood:  
Here ancient Tanais in her height appear'd,  
Before Amphion's lute the Theban wall had rear'd.

The sun's devoted city, radiant On,  
With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone;  
Ere skilful Vulcan was at Lemnos nam'd,  
Or Cynthia's darts, or shields for Pallas fram'd.  
Distinct from these, on the Pelusian strands,  
Ansana crown'd with silver turrets stands!  
Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,  
By powerful magic, and secur'd by spells:  
Th' Egyptian wizards here themselves immure,

Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the sight surprise,  
On Masre's plain the spiral towers arise ;  
Redousa here magnificently shrouds,  
Its lofty head among surrounding clouds :  
By Saurid built, the daring structure stood  
The fury of the universal flood.  
Phacat and Samir's pointed tops ascend,  
And o'er the fields their length'ning shades extend ;  
Their compass sacred to the dead remain,  
Within eternal night and silence reign ;  
No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,  
But glaring lamps depending from on high,  
With sickly gleams the hollow space supply.  
Here ancient kings, embalm'd with wondrous cost,  
A long exemption from corruption boast ;  
In artful figures some are sitting plac'd.  
With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd ;  
While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,  
On folding carpets of imperial die :  
Their hovering ghosts, pleas'd with this mimick pride,  
Among the breathless carcasses reside,  
But what prodigious things within were shown,  
Were to the Hebrew stranger yet unknown,  
Astonish'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where Zoan's wall enclos'd  
Imperial tow'rs, the Midianites expos'd  
Their fragrant traffic, with the handsome slave :  
His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave ;  
His aspect something spoke divinely great,  
Something that mark'd him for a noble fate.

A generous captain, chief of Pharaoh's bands,  
Admiring much the graceful captive, stands.

Then gives the Midianites their full demands:  
 A sudden friendship in his breast he finds,  
 Experienced only by unvulgar minds :  
 Some heavenly being had prepar'd his thought,  
 And on his heart the kind impression wrought.

‘ Without regret, young stranger, follow me,’  
 Said Potiphar, ‘ I now have ransom'd thee ;  
 From servitude this moment thou art free ’

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,  
 That answer'd all the promise of his face.  
 Fronting the royal house, a structure crown'd  
 With turrets stood, and palmy groves around ;  
 Discoursing, hither through the walks they went  
 Both pleas'd alike, and equally content,

The seat they reach'd, when for a costly vest  
 The master call'd, in this the youth they dress'd :  
 No more disparag'd with a slave's attire,  
 His faultless shape and features all admire.  
 His hair, like palest amber from his crown  
 In floating curls and shining waves fell down.  
 Young Paris such surprising charms display'd,  
 When first in gold and Tyrian silks array'd,  
 He laid his crook aside, forgot the swain,  
 And bid adieu to Ida's flowery plain.

Then for his wife the captain bids them send,  
 And shews with boasting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair Sabrina, lately made his bride,  
 Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.  
 Her large black eyes shone with a sprightly fire,  
 And love at every fatal glance inspire.  
 The swarthy lustre of her charming face  
 The full blown lily and the rose disgrace.  
 Her glossy hair outvied the raven's wings,

And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.  
 Affectedly she took a careless view,  
 And to her own apartment soon withdrew.

Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,  
 And from his lord successive favours gain'd ;  
 Who now at home grown prosperous, and abroad,  
 Believes his guest some favourable god :  
 He gives him o'er his house the full command,  
 Entrusting all his treasures to his hand.

Meantime Sabrina feeds within her breast  
 A secret fire, but fangs of rage suppress,  
 When first she saw the charming Hebrew's eyes,  
 She felt, but well dissembled the surprise ;  
 But through her various arts an inward care  
 The languors of her pensive looks declare.

Cyrena found the change (a Syrian maid,  
 Well born, but from her native coast betray'd :)  
 She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,  
 Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.  
 Her voice, her easy wit, and eloquence,  
 Could hold the wildest passion in suspense,  
 Attending oft her mistress to a grove,  
 Their usual walk, with pleasing tales she strove  
 To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief ;  
 Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.  
 Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,  
 The Syrian pomp, their customs, and their loves ;  
 Among the rest Sabrina hears the name  
 Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,  
 And ask'd her now the story to relate :  
 Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they sate.

## BOOK V.

*The Story of Semiramis—exposed, when an infant, in the fields ; where she is found (covered with a rich embroidered mantle) by a peasant, who carries her to Simma, the chief of the king's shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal commander of the Assyrian forces. Menon being called to the siege of Bactria, she follows him in a martial disguise. Menon discovers her sex to the king, who marries her, after the death of Menon.*

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THE maid begins—Where fam'd Coaspes laves  
 Rich Elam's borders with his sacred waves,  
 Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,  
 By them the king's unnumber'd flocks were fed.

The silent dawn was misty yet and grey,  
 And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.  
 Intent on rural cares with early haste,  
 A peasant near a rocky cavern past ;  
 Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,  
 O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread.  
 This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,  
 Which fairer than the rosy morning smil'd :  
 The wond'ring swain forgot his country cares,  
 And back to Simma's house the infant bears.

Simma, his master, was, though wealthy, just :  
 The royal herds and flocks were made his trust ;  
 He riches still amass'd without an heir,  
 And seeing now the child surpassing fair,



He took and bred her with indulgent care :  
 In nothing he controls her growing years,  
 No cost to please her boundless fancy spares.

When, by revolving moons, successive time,  
 Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,  
 Her shape was faultless, and in all her mien  
 Presaging marks of majesty were seen :  
 No mortal e'er could boast so fair a face,  
 Such radiant eyes, and so divine a grace.  
 A flowery wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,  
 Her snowy vest a crimson girdle bound :  
 Thus dress'd, she walks a goddess o'er the plains,  
 Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing swains ;  
 To her the fragrant tribute of the spring,  
 With amorous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not distant far from wealthy Simma's seat,  
 Heroic Menon own'd a fair retreat ;  
 His rank, and early worth, the high command  
 Of all the fam'd Assyrian force had gain'd :  
 In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,  
 To prove a softer happiness retir'd ;  
 'Twas here Semiramis his wishes fir'd.  
 With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,  
 And for the glorious prize to Simma sued ;  
 Proffer'd with sacred rites his vows to bind :  
 This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind ;  
 On meaner terms she had his suit denied ;  
 With virtue guarded and a noble pride.  
 The lover finds success, but all his joys  
 A sudden summons from the king destroys.

Bactria revolts, Ninus the tidings hears,  
 Himself in arms to meet the foe prepares.  
 But three short days ungentle fate allows

Sad Menon, for his sighs and parting vows :  
 He curst his martial charge, and public fame,  
 And loathes the incumbrance of a glorious name,  
 Which rends him now from all the joys of life,  
 His lov'd Semiramis, his charming wife.

She hears the king's command with less surprise,  
 And, ' Menon, banish all your care,' she cries.

' We cannot—'tis impossible to part,

Love with heroic courage fires my heart.

To follow you through raging seas I'd go,

O'er burning deserts, or perpetual snow.

By your example led, I shall not fear

The flying arrow or the pointed spear.

Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were Menon by,

'Twould be a soft and easy thing to die.

Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run

To certain death, nor any danger shun ;

Be witness to my vows, thou radiant sun !

Nor can th' adventurous deed my conduct stain,

Secure with you my secret shall remain ;

I boldly can defy all other eyes,

In threat'ning armour, and a martial guise.'

New pleasure fills the hero's breast to find

Such beauty, love, and steadfast virtue join'd.

A thousand kind transporting things he said,

A thousand vows of lasting passion made :

Then for a rich habiliment of war

He sent, and dress'd himself the smiling fair.

A costly helmet glitter'd on her head,

On which a dove its silver pinions spread ;

A plume of whitest feathers danc'd above,

With every trembling breath of air they move.

Th' embroider'd scarf that o'er her armour flow'd

With dazzling flames of gold and scarlet glow'd.  
 Her hand a javelin shook with mimic pride,  
 A painted quiver rattled by her side.  
 Her height and mein adorn the warlike dress,  
 More vigorous rays her charming eyes express.  
 The courser, of his beauteous burden proud,  
 With golden trappings bounded through the crowd.

Menon, of Syrian arms the grace and pride.  
 Kept near the lovely masquerader's side.  
 On Dura's plain the Babylonian force  
 In ranks attend their mighty leader's course.  
 While Ninus, graceful as a martial god,  
 Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.

The Bactrians their approaching foes disdain,  
 Resolv'd their fortress bravely to maintain;  
 And long the town with matchless courage held,  
 And oft to flight th' Arminian troops compell'd :  
 Till bold Semiramis, who danger sought,  
 And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,  
 Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd ;  
 The Bactrians this were careless to defend,  
 Believing it from all access secure :  
 She finds a path among the cliffs obscure ;  
 Then with a chosen band intrepid gains  
 The top, and soon th' unguarded fort obtains.  
 The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,  
 To her they gave the conquest of the day.  
 All prais'd the youth (for such she was believ'd)  
 Her bold address each party had deceiv'd ;  
 But Ninus most her fortitude admires,  
 He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

Menon, in dotage lost, with foolish pride,  
 No more the fatal secret strives to hide ;

Nor once imaigin'd this unlucky boast,  
 The joy of all his future life must cost.  
 Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,  
 In other terms his gratitude renews.

To Babylon return'd, he yet conceal'd  
 His growing flame, by Menon's worth withheld;  
 Too well he with the sad reflection knows,  
 What to his counsel and his sword he owes;  
 These generous ties at first his love oppose:  
 But nothing can th' increasing rage restrain;  
 By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

'Menon,' he said, 'my wishes to procure,  
 I'll give thee cities, and a boundless store  
 Of gold, and precious gems, and for a bride,  
 A blooming princess to the crown allied:  
 All this, and more, to gain her love, I'll give,  
 Without Semiramis I cannot live.'

Resenting Menon, with a handsome pride,  
 Refus'd his offers, and the suit denied.

The softer sex he next attempts to gain:  
 She too rejects his passion with disdain.  
 What now, avail the glories of the East?  
 Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his rest.  
 Tir'd with unheeded sighs, and fruitless pray'r,  
 He tries more rigorous means to ease his care;  
 And threatens thus: 'With my desires comply,  
 Or soon prepare to see your hero die.'  
 From Menon, this she hides, who less severe  
 Observes her to the amorous king appear;  
 His fondness with the jealous passion grows:  
 No joy, no lightsome interval he knows,  
 The mingled frenzy gives him no repose.

'She false?' he cries, 'my fair, enchanting wife?  
 And can I yet protract this wretched life?'

This anxious heart, with hopeless grief oppress'd,  
 In death's cold shade shall find perpetual rest.  
 He said : then all the hostile stars defied,  
 And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.  
 ' A long adieu ! Semiramis,' he cries :  
 With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies :  
 She hears the parting groan, and to his succour flies.  
 Sunk on the floor, she sees her lover bleed,  
 Himself the author of the barbarous deed ;  
 But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,  
 She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.  
 Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprise,  
 She faints, and near the breathless carcass lies ;  
 Her frightened women to her rescue haste,  
 And wake the doubtful spark of life, at last  
 A hollow groan ensues : with feeble sight  
 She meets the day, and loathes the flashing light.  
 A stedfast sorrow in her face appears,  
 Above the soft relief of female tears ;  
 Silent as death, her words no utterance find  
 To tell the inward anguish of her mind :  
 A fix'd, sedate, and rational despair,  
 Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.  
 In such a sullen calm the billows sleep,  
 So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep :  
 While treacherous winds their gathering breath refrain,  
 Presaging tempests on the troubled main.  
 Th' impatient prince with just respect attends  
 Her ebbing grief, and long his flame suspends ;  
 And long her stedfast thoughts relentless prove  
 To proffer'd empire and inviting love :  
 Till fate itself her stubborn heart inclin'd  
 To take a crown, by all the stars design'd,

And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind.

Ninus was now of every wish possest,  
 With sovereign rule and brighter pleasure blest ;  
 But, ah ! how short a boast has mortal joy ?  
 What sudden storms the flattering calm destroy ?  
 What human privilege, what lawless pow'r,  
 Can one short day retard th' appointed hour ?

Thrice thro' the midnight silence, from the ground  
 The startled monarch hears a warning sound ;  
 Thrice Menon's ghost a frowning spectre stands,  
 And seems to beckon with his airy hands.  
 A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,  
 While hasty life retires from every part ;  
 Speechless and pale his eye-balls roll in death.  
 While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath,

The mournful princess to his merit just,  
 With wondrous pomp interr'd the royal dust :  
 High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,  
 With marble spires, and painted arches grac'd,  
 She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame ;  
 Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,  
 In costly structures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to Belus first she built ;  
 The inward roof with dazzling silver gilt ;  
 The god was fashion'd in a wondrous mould,  
 With perfect art ; his bulk was massy gold ;  
 His sacred utensils were all the same,  
 While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.

Old Babel next with boundless cost she wall'd ;  
 And Babylon the spacious city call'd ;  
 Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd,  
 And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,  
 Valleys and levell'd hills the vast extent surround :

Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,  
 With streams, and groves, and painted meads between.  
 Euphrates in its course the town divides,  
 While through the midst its stately current glides :  
 Around the place a hundred gates unfold,  
 Through which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd ;  
 Which all for state attend the queen's commands,  
 When she her progress makes through distant lands.  
 Resolv'd to visit now the neighbouring Medes,  
 Her train she o'er the lofty Sagris leads.  
 At pompous Ecbatana now she staid,  
 And all her own magnificence display'd.  
 Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,  
 Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd ;  
 Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,  
 With stately groves and flowery verdure gay ;  
 The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,  
 Arching above their mingled branches join.

Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,  
 With matchless labour, through the charming wood ;  
 The plenteous streams in various rills divides,  
 While marble bounds confine the crystal tides,  
 In marble basons of an equal row,  
 Myrtle and balm, and flowery cassia grow.  
 Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,  
 Smooth arches through their craggy sides were  
 wrought :

Here artificial hills, their summits rear,  
 For shade retiring grotts around appear.  
 In various bloom the valleys stood below,  
 From far the beauteous Syrian roses glow.  
 All that perfume the blest Sabæan fields

Grows here, with all that sacred Nysa yields.  
 Here breath'd the fragrant calamus, and fir,  
 Cinnamon, frankincense, and weeping myrrh.  
 Shrill birds among the spicy branches sing,  
 Their warbling notes along the valleys ring:  
 The winds and waters with a gentle noise  
 Double the sound, and answer every voice.

The Queen awhile had these diversions prov'd,  
 And then her court to Babylon remov'd:  
 But, ah! what heights of happiness are free  
 From fickle chance, or certain destiny?  
 The princess finds a swift decay control  
 The usual force, and vigour of her soul:  
 Nor struggling nature could its force repel,  
 While heaven and earth the public change foretel,

She from the oracle enquires th' event,  
 The flatt'ring priests this pleasing answer sent:  
 That from the gods she drew her heavenly race,  
 And shortly must the immortal number grace.  
 Pleas'd with the glories of her future state,  
 She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale; the closing day  
 Withdrew its splendour, and forbid their stay,



## BOOK VI.

*Joseph's mistress discovers her criminal passion to him, but is repulsed. She complains to her nurse, who vainly tries the force of spells. She is sent by her mistress to Harpinus. His cell described. He consults the planets, and flatters her with success. Still finding the Hebrew youth inflexible to all her charms, she falsely accuses him to his master, by whom he is confined to a prison.*

---

STILL with impatient love Sabrina pines,  
 And now to speak the fatal truth designs ;  
 Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace  
 A secret passion in the Hebrew's face.  
 He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,  
 Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,  
 In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown.  
 Her vanity an explanation found,  
 And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound.  
 Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,  
 She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame :  
 ' If yet my torments are to thee unknown,  
 If yet my sighs the mystery have not shewn,  
 Insensible,—let this confession prove  
 The strange excess and grandeur of my love.  
 Yet had I still my wild desires suppress,  
 Had not thine eyes an equal flame confest.'  
 ' Let me be punish'd with the last disdain,'  
 He said, ' if e'er I harbour'd thoughts so vain !

I ne'er Sabrina's favour so abus'd,  
 Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.  
 Should I, perfidious, (heaven forbid) offend  
 My generous master,—I might say my friend ;  
 Let scandal sink my name, when so unjust  
 I prove, so false to hospitable trust !'

Thus with a modest turn he would reclaim  
 Her amorous frenzy and conceal her shame ;  
 Nor waits her leave but hastily withdrew.  
 Careless her limbs upon a couch she threw,  
 And curst her folly with a thousand tears ;  
 Till Iphicle her artful nurse appears ;  
 Of so much grief she press'd to know the cause,  
 At last the secret from her mistress draws.

' You wrong,' the beldam cries, ' your own desert,  
 For you have charms, the youth a human heart.  
 Your beauty might a savage breast inspire,  
 At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.  
 But where's the wonder that a bashful boy  
 Should, at the first address, be nice and coy ?  
 He loves, no doubt, and languishes like you ;  
 But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue :  
 Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,  
 I have a draught that gives divine success ;  
 Nepenthe, which th' immortals quaff above,  
 These sacred drops rewarded Chemis' love.

When Totis, by his death, the full command  
 Of Misraim left in fair Charoba's hand,  
 The rich Gebirus from Chaldea came,  
 With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.  
 Chemis adorned his train, whose charming face,  
 Allur'd a goddess of the watery race ;  
 On Nilus' banks the young Chaldean stood,

When lo ! Merina, rising from the flood,  
 Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,  
 Softly along the silver stream she glides.  
 Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine;  
 Her brighter eyes express a light divine.  
 Nor from her humid bed the blooming day  
 Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.  
 Her smiles the raging tempest could appease,  
 Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.  
 She leaves her crystal vaults, and coral groves,  
 Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,  
 And o'er the grassy meads with Chemis roves.  
 And parting gave him this celestial spell,  
 Which every good procures, and can each ill repel.  
 My mother from this youth derives her line,  
 And this she left me, as a gift divine,  
 By all her ancestors preserv'd with care ;  
 One heav'nly drop shall banish your despair.'

Her flatt'ring nurse's charm she vainly tries,  
 For Joseph still her hateful passion flies.  
 But obstinate in love, to gain her ends,  
 To fam'd Ansana Iphicle she sends.

Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,  
 Planted with yew and mournful cypress round ;  
 Whose shadows every pleasing thought control,  
 And fill with deep anxiety the soul.  
 Hitker black fiends at dead of night advance,  
 The horned Serim through the darkness dance :  
 From earth, from air, and from the briny deep  
 They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.  
 From gloomy Acherusia, and the fen  
 Of Serbon, and the forest of Birdene ;  
 From Ophiodes, the serpent isle, they come,  
 And Syrtes, where fantastic spectres roam ;

From Chabnus, and the wild Psebarain peak,  
Whose hoary cliffs the clouds' long order break.

In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,  
The curst assembly here consume the nights.  
The sick'ning moon her feeble light withholds,  
In sable clouds her argent horns she folds ;  
The constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,  
And frightened far to distant skies retire.

Amidst these horrors, in his echoing cells,  
And winding vaults, the necromancer dwells :  
Passing from room to room, the brazen doors  
Resound, as when exploded thunder roars.  
The day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,  
With frightful splendour, in a thousand urns.  
The wizard here employs his mighty spells,  
And great events by divination tells ;  
Inscribing mystic figures on the ground,  
And muttering words of an unlawful sound ;  
Which from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts compel,  
And force them future secrets to reveal.  
The stars he knew, when adverse or benign ;  
When with malignant influence they shine,  
Or, darting prosperous rays, to love incline.

The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd  
And thus Sabrina's drooping thoughts sustain'd.  
'The third succeeding day shall crown your love,  
And every amorous star propitious prove.'

Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,  
And now the third appointed morning came ;  
When for the favour'd youth in haste she sends :  
The message with reluctance he attends.  
Silent she sits : while waiting her commands,  
Fix'd at a formal distance long he stands.  
Her eyes, still fix'd on Joseph's beauteous face,  
A close contempt, and inward hatred trace :

Yet desperate to complete her own disgrace.

‘Ungrateful youth!’ she cries, ‘too well I find,  
By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind.  
Thy savage temper, and unconquer’d pride,  
By words of sacred import thou wouldst hide,  
Thou talk’st of holy ties, and rules severe,  
Pretending some avenging god to fear.  
What god, alas ! does cruelty command ?  
Or human bliss maliciously withstand ?  
Such thoughts as these the heav’nly powers arraign,  
Efface their goodness, and their justice stain.  
Would they the generous principle control,  
Who gave this amorous bias to the soul ?  
What nature is, they made it : nor can bind  
With servile laws the freedom of the mind :  
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,  
That unmolested through the forest rove,  
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin’d in love !  
Virtue !—a mere imaginary thing ;  
Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.  
Honour !—’tis nothing but precarious fame.  
For empty breath, for a fantastic name,  
Wilt thou my soft entreaties still deny,  
And see me languish, and unpitied die ?  
Consent at last to love’s enchanting joys,  
While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice :  
These folding curtains shall our bliss conceal,  
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.’

‘Deluded fair!’ the noble youth replies,  
‘Could we some artful labyrinth devise  
To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight  
Retire, involv’d in all the shades of night ;  
Yet there—expos’d to heaven’s unclouded view,  
Its vengeance would our treachery pursue ;

Distinguish'd plagues would soon our guilt expose,  
 While all your sex's glory you must lose,  
 To Potiphar alone your vows belong,  
 In him a tender lover you must wrong.  
 For me, where shall I hide my hated face,  
 Could I be conscious of a crime so base?  
 No, let me through the yawning earth descend,  
 Rather than with base insolence offend  
 The laws of God, and kindness of my friend!  
 My master's favours, endless to recite,  
 When I with such ingratitude requite;  
 When with a thought so horrid and profane,  
 My faith and spotless loyalty I stain;  
 Let wrathful lightning, flashing round my head,  
 And bolts of raging thunder, strike me dead!  
 Let execrations, and eternal shame,  
 Destroy my peace, and blast my hated name!"

These words with such an awful air he spoke,  
 Celestial virtue sparkling in his look,  
 His haughty mistress all her hopes resign'd,  
 And felt a different frenzy seize her mind:  
 Assisting fiends the hellish thought suggest,  
 And blot the tender passion from her breast.  
 A crimson scarf with ornamental pride  
 Was o'er his graceful shoulders loosely tied:  
 This furiously she snatch'd, while from th' embrace,  
 He frees himself, and quits the hated place.  
 She call'd aloud, her voice Cyrena hears,  
 And entering saw her well-dissembled tears.  
 A tale of proffer'd violence she feigns,  
 And of the Hebrew's arrogance complains.  
 Alarm'd at her repeated calls, she said,  
 The monster left his curst design, and fled.  
 His scarf the truth confirm'd; her lord the while

Returns ; her words his easy faith beguile :  
 Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,  
 And thus upbraids his violated truth :

‘ How canst thou, wretch ! belie a mind so base,  
 With that undaunted air, and guiltless face ?

Hypocrisy so steady and complete,  
 A villian, cautious as thyself, might cheat ;  
 No wonder then thy practis'd saintly shews  
 Should on my honest, artless mind impose.

My soul entire to thee I did resign,  
 Except my bed, whate’er I had was thine.  
 In fetters let the ungrateful slave be tied.  
 Some gloomy dungeon shall the monster hide.’

‘ Dungeons,’ he said, ‘ and chains I can defy,  
 But would not, curst with your displeasure, die.  
 This sad reflection aggravates my fate :

How shall I bear my generous master’s hate ?  
 O stay ! at least my vindication hear,  
 While by th’ unutterable name I swear,  
 My thoughts are all from this injustice clear.’

He ceas’d, and still Sabrina’s shame conceals,  
 Nor one accusing word her fraud reveals.  
 Now to a damp unwholesome vault convey’d,  
 Joseph in ignominious chains is laid.

## BOOK VII.

*An angel visits Joseph in prison, and in a prophetic vision shows him his own advancement and the future fate of his father's posterity, their bondage, and miraculous deliverance. The keeper of the ward, convinced of Joseph's innocence, treats him with great esteem. The dreams of his fellow-prisoners; and Joseph's interpretation.*

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'T WAS night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;  
 The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,  
 Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,  
 Smile through the shades, and dissipate the night;  
 With streaming splendour tracing all the way,  
 It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

'Some God,' he cries, 'who innocence defends,  
 Some God in that propitious light descends.  
 This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be  
 Alleg'd against him, from the guilt is free."

The sacred vision to the youth appears.  
 His spirits with celestial fragrance cheers.  
 His heav'nly smiles would e'en despair control,  
 And with immortal rapture fill the soul;  
 His youthful brows a fair tiara crown'd,  
 A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound.  
 Embroider'd high with amaranthus round.  
 Such wings th' Arabian phoenix never wore,  
 Sprinkled with gold, and shading purple o'er.  
 Beneficent his aspect and address,  
 His lips seraphic harmony express;



His voice might stay th' invading sleep of death,  
While these soft words flow from his balmy breath :

‘ From the unclouded realms of day above,  
From endless pleasures, and unbounded love,  
From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,  
From blissful valleys, and ethereal bow'rs,  
I come, commission'd by peculiar grace,  
With great presages to thy future race.’

This Gabriel spoke ; the pious Hebrew's breast  
Prophetic flame and pow'r divine confest :  
An awful silence, and profound suspense,  
Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of sense ;  
The heav'nly trance, each wondering thought confin'd,  
Collects the operations of the mind,  
While Gabriel all the inward scene design'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all  
His humble brethren in prostration fall :  
His joyful eyes again his father see,  
He takes the blessing on his bended knee.  
Vastly in numbers Jacob's sons increas'd,  
Poor vassals, by the Egyptians are distress'd,  
And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppress'd.  
To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails,  
Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,  
Does bold before the raging monarch stand,  
And brings his great credentials in his hand.  
Across the ground his wond'rous rod he throws ;  
The rod, transform'd, a moving serpent grows,  
Unfolds his speckled train, and o'er the pavement flows.  
A dazzling train of miracles ensue,  
Which speak the prophet, and his mission true.

The springs, the standing lakes, and running flood,  
His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood ;

The wounded billows stain the verdant shore,  
 Advancing slowly with a mournful roar,  
 Infernal night her sable wings extends,  
 And from the black unbottom'd deep ascends ;  
 The seer denounces plagues on man and beast ;  
 Contagious torments soon the air infest ;  
 Aloud he bids a sudden tempest rise,  
 On rapid wings the storm obedient flies ;  
 Th' extending skies are rent from pole to pole,  
 Blue lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet th' obdurate king the God reveres.

Whom ev'ry element obsequious fears ;  
 Till vengeful strokes of pow'r, confess'd divine,  
 With clear, but terrible conviction, shine.

The night was cover'd with unusual dread,  
 While ev'ry star malignant influence shed.  
 Pale spectres through the streets of Zoam roam,  
 From sepulchres amazing echoes come ;  
 While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,  
 With threat'ning speed, the fatal angel flies.  
 Reluctant justice, with a grace severe,  
 Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air,  
 A crested helmet shades his awful brows,  
 Behind his military vesture flows,  
 And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.

He grasps his sword, unsheath'd for certain fate,  
 Destruction, death, and terror on him wait ;  
 Mortal the stroke, invisible the wound,  
 While dying groans with mingled shrieks resound.  
 From house to house the dreadful rumour runs,  
 While wretched fathers mourn their first-born sons.

The alarm'd Egyptians, at the break of day,  
 Hurry the sacred multitude away :  
 But Pharaoh soon his daring sin renews,

Blaspheming loud, the rescued slaves pursues ;  
 The fearful tribes stand trembling on the shore,  
 The foe behind, a raging sea before.

Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,  
 And gives the mighty signal from the strand ;  
 Th' obedient waves the mighty signal take,  
 And, parting, crowd the distant surges back !  
 On either hand, like crystal hills, they rise,  
 Between a wide stupendous valley lies :  
 With joyful shouts the grateful Hebrews pass,  
 Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chase :  
 Till heav'n's command the wat'ry chain dissolves,  
 And in the whelming deep their pride involves,  
 While Israel through the desert take their way,  
 Led by a cloud which marches on by day ;  
 But resting cheer'd th' encamping host by night,  
 With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty Sinah shades the neighbouring plain,  
 Commanded, now the sacred tribes remain ;  
 Prepar'd with mystic rites, to hear with awe  
 Their Saviour God pronounce their future law ;  
 Close bounds the mountain guard from all approach,  
 That rashly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant see th' appointed morning rise,  
 And fiery splendours glow around the skies.  
 While from th' ethereal summit God descends,  
 Beneath his feet the starry convex bends.  
 His radiant form majestic darkness hides,  
 While on the tempest's rapid wings he rides.  
 The trembling earth his awful presence owns,  
 The forest flames, the cleaving desert groans,  
 Each river back his wand'ring current calls,  
 And rushing down the subterranean falls,  
 To the profoundest caves affrighted flies,  
 Reveal'd and bare each sandy channel lies.

Their stately heads the ancient mountains sink,  
 And to a level with the vales would shrink :  
 Again secure in their primeval beds,  
 Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.  
 Old Sinah quakes at the tremendous weight,  
 That press'd with awful feet his cloudy height ;  
 Obscur'd with blackness, shades, and curling smoke,  
 Prodigious lightning from the darkness broke ;  
 While raging thunders round the welkin fly,  
 Th' ethereal trumpet sounding loud and high.

Adoring low the pious nation bend,  
 And now the solemn voice of God attend :  
 The angel shifts the scene, and leaves the rest.  
 Inimitable all, and not to be express'd.

The curtain'd tabernacle next he paints  
 Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants ;  
 The golden altar, with attending priests,  
 Their sacred pomp, and instituted vests.  
 Then brings the favour'd tribes where Jordan flows,  
 And all the well-known bordering landscape shows.

An airy conquest on Bethoron's plain,  
 The warlike sons of Jacob now obtain :  
 Before the troops a glorious leader stands,  
 A painted jav'lin balanc'd in his hands ;  
 He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands :

'Thou sun ! to lengthen this victorious day,  
 With ling'ring beams on lofty Gibeah stay :  
 And thou, fair moon ! retard thy hasty flight,  
 And gild the vales of Ajalon at night.'

This said, the flying army they pursue,  
 And all the Amorean kings o'erthrew.  
 The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread  
 Their peaceful dwellings round Moriah's head.

But with the night the pleasing vision flies ;  
 Gabriel unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,

His senses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,  
 And all the sacred agitation ceas'd.  
 The thoughtful keeper early to the vault  
 Descends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought;  
 Treats him with kindness, and a just regard,  
 And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of Pharaoh's servants two were here detain'd;  
 The steward, who his table did command,  
 With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine;  
 Suspected both as traitors in design.  
 Joseph, observing a dejected air  
 Sat heavy in their eyes, with friendly care  
 Enquires the cause, which freely both reveal,  
 Mysterious dreams of the past night they tell.

And thus the first:—'Methought a goodly vine  
 Grew up, unpropp'd, three waving branches shine  
 With purple grapes, and to my hand incline:  
 I press'd the tempting fruit without control,  
 Then gave to Pharaoh's hand the flowing bowl.'

The next begins:—'Three canisters replete  
 With royal viands, and luxurious meat,  
 Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of prey  
 With direful croakings snatch'd the food away.'

'Unhappy man! thy dream from God was sent,'  
 The Hebrew said, 'and full of black portent:  
 The third returning day shall bring thy doom,  
 When thou a prey to vultures shalt become.'  
 Then to the first, these joyful comments sound:  
 'Before the sun has twice fulfill'd his round,  
 Thou with thy former honours shalt be crown'd.  
 But in the triumph of thy prosp'rous fate,  
 Kindly remember my unhappy state,  
 Who by the blackest falsehood here am stay'd:  
 To this the man a courtier's promise made.

## BOOK VIII.

*Joseph's mistress languishes in sorrow and remorse for her treachery : which she confesses in the agonies of death. Pharaoh's prophetic dreams interpreted by Joseph. His grandeur, and marriage with the daughter of an Egyptian priest.*

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**B**UT now Sabrina's guilty fire returns,  
 Her bosom with raging passion burns ;  
 She with a female tenderness relents,  
 And all her former cruelty repents.  
 By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,  
 For whom she fondly languishes and dies.  
 Tormented, and enrag'd, she often curst  
 Her pride, her folly, and revengeful lust.  
 A deep remorse of conscience for her sin,  
 With constant horrors, vex her soul within.  
 Her thoughts ten thousand racking torments feel,  
 Yet in her treacherous crime obdurate still.  
 Her life and youthful spirits melt away,  
 Her beauty withers with a swift decay :  
 By day she wildly raves, consumes the night  
 In thoughtless watchings, and imagin'd fright ;  
 While airy terrours glide before her sight.  
 Pale ghosts, with wild distorted eye-balls stare,  
 And burning spectres through the darkness glare.  
 Till, forc'd by fate, and torments more intense,  
 To vindicate suspected innocence,  
 To Potiphar the hidden truth she tells,  
 And all the faithless mystery reveals.

‘ And now he comes—insulting death !’ she cries,

' Perpetual darkness swims before my eyes.  
 If there are gods that human things regard,  
 My monstrous crimes will meet a just reward.  
 O sacred virtue ! at thine awful name  
 I start, and all my former thoughts disclaim ;  
 For thou art no fantastic empty thing,  
 From thee alone unmingled pleasures spring.  
 The world, the boundless universe I'd give,  
 My first unblemish'd honour to retrieve :  
 'Tis vainly wish'd ! to some strange realms below,  
 Some dark uncomfortable coasts I go.'

She spoke and gasping in the pangs of death,  
 With lingering agonies resign'd her breath :  
 While Joseph by the courtier was forgot,  
 Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' Egyptian monarch, from a short repose  
 And troubled visions, with the morning rose.  
 T' explain the doubtful omens in his breast,  
 He summon'd every planetary priest :  
 Their orders which to different stars belong,  
 Were soon assembled, a surprising throng ;  
 Sullen their looks, and varied was their vest,  
 A wild devotion through the whole express.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,  
 Trailing behind, a sweeping length it drew ;  
 With poppies, aconite, and hellebore,  
 Mandrake and nightshade, strangely figur'd o're :  
 A treble twist of serpents curling round,  
 With monstrous ornament the foldings bound.

With some a verdant forest seem'd to move,  
 Their flowing robes white balmy branches wove.  
 With panthers, bears, and every savage beast  
 Express'd in lively colours, some were dress'd.  
 On others' eagles spread their wings, on some

Appear'd the ostrich's hieroglyphic plume ;  
 While others wore a painted crocodile,  
 With all the monstrous progeny of Nile.

Nasar, a youth, vow'd to the morning star,  
 With budding roses had adorn'd his hair.  
 His raiment of inestimable cost  
 Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated frost,  
 O'erspread with landscapes wrought in miniature,  
 Surprising scenes the ravish'd sight allure ;  
 Clear fountains, flowery walks, and myrtle groves,  
 Peacocks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.  
 The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,  
 The doubtful sages search their heavenly schemes :  
 But all their stars were mute, the meaning flies  
 In trackless darkness, and obscure disguise.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect  
 On his past danger and his base neglect ;  
 And thus his royal master he address'd :  
 ' Be Pharaoh's bounty, and my guilt confess'd.  
 When with my fellow criminal detain'd,  
 We by thy justice in the ward remain'd,  
 A Hebrew youth, unjustly there confin'd,  
 From nightly omens, which perplex'd the mind,  
 With clear conviction did our lot unfold ;  
 My honour, and the steward's doom foretold.  
 Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,  
 His cell has glitter'd with ethereal light ;  
 For, highly favour'd by th' immortal gods,  
 To visit him they left their bright abodes.'

Joseph, unfetter'd, they from prison bring.  
 By Heav'n inspir'd, he stands before the king ;  
 Who thus repeats his dream : ' Methought I stood  
 On the fair borders of our sacred flood ;  
 While, curious, I survey'd the spreading stream,



Seven bulky oxen from the river came,  
 Fat and well favour'd : o'er the verdant mead  
 They proudly rang'd, and on the pasture feed :  
 When just their number rose, of aspect sour,  
 Ill shap'd, and meagre, who the first devour.  
 The scene was chang'd, when springing in my walk,  
 Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending stalk,  
 Ripened and full ; when, lo ! a second rears  
 His blasted top, with seven unfruitful ears ;  
 This swallow'd greedily the former store,  
 As the lean oxen did the fat before.  
 I woke with great anxiety oppress'd,  
 And for the meaning every god address'd.

‘ The Almighty God, o'er earth and skies supreme,  
 The youthful prophet cries, ‘ has sent this dream  
 To Pharaoh, which discovers future things ;  
 What changes on the world his pleasure brings.  
 With one intent the sacred vision came,  
 Of both the hidden meaning is the same.

‘ Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round.  
 The fields with boundless harvests shall be crown'd ;  
 Then seven unprosperous years shall these devour,  
 And leave no remnant of the former store.

‘ But that the people and the king may live,  
 This counsel Heav'n commissions me to give,  
 That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,  
 And wise intendants through the realm ordain'd :  
 Let these against the threat'ning ill provide,  
 Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.’

‘ This youth by some propitious power was sent,  
 The prince replies, ‘ our ruin to prevent ;  
 Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,  
 And from his finger draws a costly ring ;  
 ‘ And this,’ he said, ‘ a sacred pledge shall be

Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.  
 My power, my kingdom, I to thee resign,  
 The sovereign title only shall be mine ;  
 To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,  
 Our guardian god, our great preserver thou !

His second chariot then the king ordains  
 Should be prepar'd ; white steeds with scarlet reins  
 The triumph drew ; they champ the golden bit,  
 And spurn the dusty ground with airy feet.  
 On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,  
 With marks of power, and regal ensigns grac'd.  
 Gay heralds ' bow the knee,' before him cry,  
 The crowd adore him as he passes by ;  
 Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,  
 Great Pharaoh's daughter is his bride design'd.

The night had twice in sable triumph reign'd,  
 And twice the circling light its empire gain'd ;  
 When from the high apartment Joseph sees  
 A lofty temple through the waving trees,  
 To Isis vow'd : he, from the gilded dome,  
 Ravish'd, beheld a beauteous virgin come.  
 An artless modesty improves her face,  
 An elegant reserve, and matchless grace,  
 A rosy tincture in her cheeks appears,  
 Lovely as that the blooming morning wears ;  
 Her eyes a sprightly blue ; her length of hair  
 Dishevelled hung, like threads of silver fair.  
 Long strings of jet and pearl, in mingled twists,  
 Adorn'd her well-shap'd neck, and slender wrists.  
 Her robes were heavenly azure, sprinkled o'er  
 With stars ; a crescent on her breast she wore.

The wounded Hebrew for the virgin sigh'd  
 And felt a growing passion yet untried !  
 Her lovely image, on his mind impress'd,

Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breast.  
 But O ! what anguish did his soul invade,  
 When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid  
 At Isis' holy shrine devoutly bow'd,  
 A virgin priestess to the goddess vow'd !  
 ' This, this,' he cried, ' must all my hopes confound,  
 Helpless my grief, incurable my wound !

Meantime the fame uncontradicted goes,  
 That he th' Egyptian princess must espouse.  
 Pain'd and distress'd, he hears the spreading news,  
 And dreads the offer which he must refuse,  
 Or with dissembled vows the imperial maid abuse.  
 Asenath's power (that was the priestess' name)  
 Would in his heart admit no rival flame,

The royal maid no less unhappy prov'd,  
 Who long illustrious Orramel had lov'd ;  
 An Ethiopian prince, whose faultless face,  
 And shape, exceeded all the tawny race,  
 His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes  
 Sparkled like stars amidst the gloomy skies ;  
 At once they dazzled and engag'd the sight,  
 With awful lustre and imperious light.  
 Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair  
 In easy curls waves to the gentle air.  
 The princess, pain'd with secret discontent,  
 Her father's purpose labours to prevent ;  
 In vain ; the king obstructs her young desires,  
 But first the pleasure of the gods inquires.

Just Potiphera, an unblemish'd priest,  
 His piety sincere, but ill address'd,  
 While fragrant incense round the temple smokes,  
 Osiris from the monarch he invokes.  
 The fiends, in hopes to cross the great design,  
 And awful will of Providence divine,

With penalties forbid the king's intent,  
 The Hebrew's future greatness to prevent ;  
 Then nam'd the fair Asenath for his bride,  
 And blindly with eternal fate complied ;  
 Effecting heav'n's predestinated ends,  
 While Joseph's ruin envious hell intends ;  
 Nor doubts the young idolatress would prove  
 His snare, and soon seduce him with her love.  
 The priest, yet trembling, near the altar stands,  
 And dreads the sacrilege the god commands,  
 ' My daughter nam'd ! ' he cries, ' to Isis vow'd  
 By mystic rites, which no reverse allow'd !  
 It must be so !—The gods pronounce it fit,  
 The priest his will, the king must his submit.'  
 The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,  
 But yields, obedient to the powers divine.  
 The gift as Heav'n's the joyful youth regards,  
 Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred truth  
     rewards.

## BOOK IX.

*The seven plenteous years ; with the ensuing years of scarcity. Joseph's character as regent over the land of Egypt. Jacob, distressed with the famine, sends his sons thither for corn. Joseph discovers his brethren, but is unknown to them. Pretends to suspect them as public spies, and keeps them three days in prison ; at last sends them back, with a charge to bring their younger brother with them, and detains Simeon as an hostage till their return.*

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THE jocund years, with smiling plenty crown'd  
 In shining circles, now advanc'd their round :  
 Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,  
 And rustic pleasures cheer the banks of Nile.  
 The Hebrew late advanc'd by royal grace,  
 With dignity and splendour fills his place,  
 Still watchful for the public good, with care  
 Restrains excess by penalties severe,  
 While justice, truth, and temperate virtue, reign'd,  
 Amidst the height of plenty through the land :  
 His prudent sway, the grateful people bless  
 In all the calm serenity of peace.

But soon the smiling years their period run,  
 A gloomy era now its course begun :  
 Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,  
 Dries up the springs, and taints the fertile plain ;  
 The trees decay, each flower and balmy plant  
 Pine at their roots, and vital humour want ;  
 No pearly moisture on the meadow lies,

To fan the air no gentle breezes rise.  
 The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere  
 No cooling dews, the thirsty earth to cheer.  
 A sultry night ensues a scorching day;  
 While dismal signs the fiery clouds display.

Nor Egypt mourns alone her blasted ground,  
 Pale famine stalks through all the region round :  
 Moriah's plain, and Hermon's flowery hill,  
 Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel ;  
 That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,  
 Design'd the lot of Abram's future race,  
 Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,  
 The Pagan princes bore imperial sway,  
 Their crimes not full :—while Jacob sojourn'd here ;  
 A stranger, as his great forefathers were :  
 The common fate he shares, with famine press'd,  
 And for his num'rous family distress'd :  
 He sends his sons, by heav'nly conduct led,  
 To Egypt's plenteous granaries, for bread :  
 Domestic wants require their utmost haste,  
 And Zoan's regal towers they reach at last.

With soft Assyria, now in all her pride  
 Of wealth and grandeur, Pharaoh's palace vied :  
 More honour'd still the rising favourite grew,  
 No bounds his royal master's kindness knew ;  
 His graceful person charming to the sight,  
 Majestic, yet more mild than morning light :  
 His virtues every grateful tongue employ,  
 The people's boast, their wonder, and their joy.  
 All private views were to his soul unknown,  
 He made the kingdom's welfare still his own :  
 Th' oppressor's wrongs are by his power redress'd,  
 He guards the orphan, succours the distress'd.  
 His fame to distant countries flies abroad,

While Egypt names him as her guardian god.  
 Assiduous still, his officers attend  
 Where 'neighbouring states their num'rous convoys  
 send ;

Who for themselves, and pining race, implore  
 The food of life from his abundant store.

Among the foremost of the suppliant crowd  
 The Hebrew swains with low submission bow'd ;  
 With stern regard each kindred face he views,  
 Their sight the late detested scene renews ;  
 Their parting malice and inhuman rage  
 To just revenge his swelling thoughts engage.

Long silent, in a gloomy pause he stands ;  
 At last their country, business, name, demands.

'My Lord, thy servants,' with a modest grace  
 Judah replies, 'are all of Hebrew race ;  
 Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boast,  
 Till one, by some unhappy chance, was lost ;  
 The youngest with his aged sire remains,  
 The darling, which his drooping life sustains ;  
 To purchase corn we come, our failing breath  
 And infant race, to save from ling'ring death.'

'Thy tale,' he said, 'unfolds its own disguise,  
 By Pharaoh's sacred life, you all are spies !'  
 Then to the guards with stern command he turns,  
 While yet resentment in his bosom burns ;  
 'In close confinement be those men retain'd,  
 Till we some knowledge of their plot have gain'd.'

With just remorse and secret horror struck,  
 The conscious Hebrews at each other look,  
 In foreign accents to the guards unknown,  
 Their length of unrepented sin they own ;  
 Joseph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,  
 And hastes away to hide the gushing tears.

'O! we are guilty of our brother's blood,  
 Though Heav'n th' intended fratricide withstood :  
 With unrelenting haste, for sordid gold,  
 The gentle youth to Midianites we sold  
 A slave, and such perhaps he still may live ;  
 Almighty God, the monstrous crime forgive !  
 Unmov'd we saw the anguish of his breast,  
 In mournful looks, and flowing tears exprest ;  
 Unmov'd, and lost to nature, virtue, sense,  
 Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.  
 Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace  
 Would have subdued in wilds a savage race.  
 What cave, what dungeons, should such monsters hide,  
 We stand condemn'd, and Heaven is justified.'

When Reuben, who the barbarous act disclaim'd,  
 In these sad terms their former malice blam'd.  
 'Would Heaven your flowing tears might wash away  
 The bloody stains of that detested day ;  
 Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace ;  
 The soft impression of my brother's face  
 Dwells on my heart, the tragic scene I view,  
 The mournful object is for ever new.  
 Methinks I see the anguish, the surprise,  
 The melting sorrow in his lovely eyes,  
 While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims  
 Of kindred blood, he singly call'd your names,  
 And one by one invok'd—what power I had  
 Was all employ'd to save the guiltless lad.  
 His filial love, and goodness free from art,  
 Touch'd ev'ry tender motion in my heart,  
 When for his drooping father's hoary age  
 He tried your soft compassion to engage :  
 I heard his cries, while round his suppliant hands ;  
 Without remorse you tied the cruel bands ;



My soul was wounded with the farewell groan,  
 When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.  
 What hellish frenzy did your bosoms fire  
 Against such youth and virtue to conspire?  
 What was his mighty crime?—a childish dream,  
 A sleeping fancy's visionary scheme :  
 His blood's aveng'd—while here we lie confin'd,  
 Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.'

Their eldest brother's just reproach they own,  
 And humbly now address th' eternal throne.  
 With penitence sincere they inly mourn,  
 While thrice the day and tedious night return.

Meantime the thoughtful regent in his breast  
 The first vindictive motions had suppress,  
 When early for the Hebrew train he sends,  
 And kindness in a stern disguise intends ;  
 Conducted to his presence, prostrate all  
 (As once their sheaves before his sheaf) they fall.

'The power that sits above the stars I fear,'  
 He said, 'nor shall you find injustice here.  
 To prove that you have no clandestine view,  
 Nor hostile aim, but are to honour true.  
 One of your kindred number left behind,  
 Th' attending guards shall as an hostage bind ;  
 Secure from wrong the captive shall remain,  
 If at set limits you return again ;  
 But be forever exiles from the place,  
 Nor ever hope again to see my face,  
 Unless you bring your youngest brother here,  
 No more on Egypt's fatal coast appear ;  
 Be this a proof your words have no disguise,  
 Or you, by Pharaoh's sacred life, are spies.'  
 'Alas ! my lord, in tents thy servants sleep,'  
 The swains replied, 'our herds and bleating sheep

Ingross our humble care, no martial claims  
 Disturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims ;  
 Strangers to pompous courts, the flowery field,  
 And tuneful grove, to us their pleasure yield ;  
 Unenvied there, secure from noise and strife,  
 In harmless ease we spend a peaceful life ;  
 Our costless banquets in some balmy shade,  
 With nature's simple luxury are made ;  
 No dreams of grandeur, no aspiring thought,  
 Thy servants to the Memphian limits brought ;  
 Distress'd with famine, to this friendly shore  
 We came, your kind assistance to implore.

This said, they find themselves dismiss'd at last  
 With full supplies, and to their country haste.  
 When scarce arriv'd before their father's tent  
 His busy thoughts presag'd some sad event :  
 The captive son was miss'd—his fears t' expel,  
 Th' unpleasing truth in soothing words they tell.  
 With temper ev'ry circumstance he hears,  
 Till the fond prop of his declining years,  
 His Benjamin, was nam'd—that cruel part,  
 In spite of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,  
 With piercing anguish wounds his inmost soul,  
 No pleas of reason can its force control.  
 His hoary head, with weighty sorrow press'd,  
 Dejected sunk upon his pensive breast.

The careful travellers now their sacks untied,  
 Surpris'd, their coin restor'd again they spied,  
 'What can those mysteries mean,' good Jacob said,  
 'What fatal storm is breaking o'er my head ?  
 Why is my life prolong'd ? of bliss bereft !  
 Joseph is not ;—my single comfort left,  
 To distant climes an exile you would bear,  
 Against me all these sad events appear ;

But know, the flame of life shall quit my heart  
Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part,'

'Content we then must sacrifice our lives,  
Our guiltless offspring, and our tender wives,  
Judah replies, 'condemn'd to perish here,  
And ne'er again on Egypt's coasts appear :  
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,  
With eyes to Heav'n address'd, and lifted hand,  
The man protested with a solemn grace,  
Not one of us should ever see his face,  
Nor other proof our innocence should clear,  
Unless we brought our youngest brother there.

'And why would you that needless truth make  
known,

Or that you had a younger brother own ?

The anxious parent said.—'Alas ! could we,'

Reuben replies, 'the consequence foresee ;

Or had the certainty been fully known,

Could we, with specious lies, the fact disown ?

Or straitly question'd by a man so great,

Conceal our public or domestic state ?

Indeed he roughly talk'd, but still there broke

Some secret pity through his fiercest look ;

However dark the past events appear,

We've nothing from such clemency to fear :

Where'er with easy state he pass'd along,

His virtues echoed through the shouting throng ;

Then why, my honour'd sire, these vain delays ?

Paternal cares a thousand scruples raise :

Your Simeon bound, a slave unransom'd lies,

Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for spies ;

Commit your darling to my faithful hand,

Of me again the sacred pledge demand.

Two lovely boys, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,

Secure I leave as sureties in his place ;  
 If any negligence my honour stain,  
 Without compassion let them both be slain.'

Half yielding now he stands—their household straits,  
 Judah with artless eloquence repeats.

With faltering speech, and anguish in his eyes,  
 'Then go in peace,' the vanquish'd patriarch cries,  
 'Celestial Providence your steps attend,  
 And angel guards from every ill defend ;  
 With double money for your corn advance,  
 Perhaps the restoration was a chance ;  
 But take some grateful present in your hand,  
 The balmy products of your native land :  
 And be th' eternal Majesty implor'd  
 (The God my great progenitors ador'd)  
 To grant you favour in the ruler's sight,  
 And bring your injur'd innocence to light :  
 But know, if mischief should the lad attend,  
 My hoary hairs down to the grave ye send.'

## BOOK X.

*The Hebrews return with their youngest brother into Egypt. Joseph treats them with great kindness and a splendid entertainment ; but still he conceals his relation to them. At last they are dismissed with plentiful supplies of corn ; but the steward, as commanded by his lord, secretly conveys a silver cup into Benjamin's sack. After they are gone out of the city, he pursues and charges them with the pretended theft ; and at last he finds it in Benjamin's sack. They return with consternation, when Joseph discovers himself to them.*

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**T**HEIR father's blessing on their knees they take,  
 And now to Memphis quick advances make,  
 Where, safe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,  
 To Joseph's steward hastily they come,  
 Disclose in humble terms their late mistake,  
 And tender doubled all the money back.

'Your father's God,' he said, 'your coin restor'd,  
 'Twas justly paid,' then leads them to his lord.

Their gifts, with prostrate homage they present,  
 His gracious smiles their rising doubts prevent :  
 Forgetful of himself, with eager haste,  
 He forward stept, and Benjamin embrac'd ;  
 His heart expands with sympathetic joy,  
 While in his arms he folds the wond'ring boy ;  
 Fond nature struggles with the vain disguise,  
 A brother sparkles in his radiant eyes :  
 Scarce all his stately grandeur from the youth

(With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth;  
 And half disclos'd the kindred soul appears.  
 Till Joseph flies to hide the swelling tears,  
 That melting love and soft surprise excite,  
 But recollected, soon returns in sight,  
 Conducts them now into a spacious hall  
 Where well-born slaves, obsequious to the call,  
 To luxury inur'd, with artful care,  
 A splendid banquet instantly prepare;  
 Embroider'd carpets cover all the ground,  
 While fragrant ointments spread their odours round,  
 Large silver lavers, with officious care,  
 The gay attendants round the circle bear.  
 And now with costly fare and sparkling wine  
 Of various sort, the loaded tables shine,  
 Beneath a glitt'ring canopy of state,  
 In Tyrian robes, the graceful regent sat;  
 With all the bounty of a royal feast  
 He nobly entertains each Hebrew guest:  
 Their hostage freed the mutual joy completes,  
 In order plac'd, they take their destin'd seats:  
 With sprightly wines, and social converse gay,  
 In guiltless mirth they spend the fleeting day.

In calm repose supinely past the night,  
 Till rising with the morning's rosy light,  
 They haste away, with full provisions stor'd,  
 In every sack (as order'd by his lord)  
 Their coin the steward secretly convey'd,  
 A silver cup in Benjamin's was laid.

Secure the suburbs' utmost bounds were past,  
 When with a feign'd concern and anxious haste,  
 He overtakes the hindmost of the train,  
 And thus accosts them in an angry strain:  
 'How could you thus, ungrateful and unjust,

Against the rules of hospitable trust,  
 Combine, the consecrated cup to steal,  
 By which my lord does secret things reveal ?

‘With what strange meaning is thy language  
 fraught,’

Surpris’d, they cry, ‘we’re guiltless, even in thought,  
 And by th’ immortal God, we dare protest,  
 Such black designs are strangers to our breast ;  
 Our coin unask’d exactly we restor’d,  
 How should we then abuse thy injur’d lord,  
 And basely gold, or silver, from him steal,  
 While recent favours yet our thanks compel ?  
 If such enormous guilt our bosoms stain,  
 Vassals for life thy servants shall remain ;  
 The wretch, convicted of a crime so high,  
 Unpitied here before thy face shall die.’

‘Content,’ he said, and search’d their burdens  
 round ;

At last, the cup in Benjamin’s was found :  
 With wild despair, their folding vests they rent,  
 And backward to the royal office went.

The regent here, but O ! how chang’d, they find  
 No more the mild beneficent, and kind,  
 But fiercely asking, in an alter’d tone,  
 ‘What wrong is this your guilty hands have done ?  
 You well might know, where dress and learning shine,  
 A man like me must certainly divine.’

Prostrate they fall, while Judah for the rest,  
 With mingled sighs their mutual grief express’d :  
 ‘What can I say ?—how shall thy servant speak ?  
 In what pathetic words my silence break ?  
 What energy of language shall I find,  
 To paint the wild distraction of my mind ?  
 Justice Divine, with keen revenge begins

To reckon up our lengthen'd score of sins ;  
 Our secret crimes, this rigorous stroke demand ;  
 And self-condemn'd, we here thy vassals stand.'

'No,' cries the gracious regent, 'only he  
 With whom the cup was found, my slave shall be ;  
 Return in peace, your needless fears resign,  
 This youth, a public criminal, is mine.'

When Judah thus (still gently drawing near)  
 'Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,  
 While I the tender circumstance repeat,  
 And for my father's hoary age entreat.  
 Two lovely boys, the pleasure of his life,  
 And only offspring of a beauteous wife,  
 The elder branch by an untimely death,  
 Snatch'd from his arms, long since resign'd his breath ;  
 The youngest, who does now his care engage,  
 The single prop of his declining age,  
 The constant theme of every pleasing thought,  
 Your strict command, my lord, has hither brought ;  
 Our sire (thy servant) long refus'd to grant,  
 The pressing suit, till forc'd by meagre want,  
 And just concern, to clear our injur'd truth,  
 He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.

'But O, what killing anguish pierc'd his heart,  
 When thus compell'd with Benjamin to part :  
 With all the eloquence that filial love  
 Could e'er inspire, to calm his fears I strove ;  
 But all in vain, on dismal thoughts intent,  
 If mischief should his blooming life prevent,  
 "My hoary hairs," he said, "with grief oppress'd,  
 Must to the gloomy grave descend for rest."

'And I, unhappy, whither shall I go  
 To shun that dark distracting scene of woe ?  
 My father's wretchedness I cannot see,



Depriv'd of every future joy by me ;  
 For I, with all the arguments I had,  
 Became myself a surety for the lad,  
 And must again the precious pledge restore,  
 Or see my aged parent's face no more.

' My lord, you seem to have a tender heart,  
 (Though sometimes forc'd to act a rigorous part)  
 This first, unfortunate offence forgive,  
 Or let thy servant here a vassal live,  
 A bond-slave in my youngest brother's stead,  
 Condemn'd no more my native soil to tread.'

No longer Joseph could his tears control,  
 Or hide the soft emotions of his soul ;  
 Relenting signs, the watchful Hebrews saw,  
 In haste he bids th' attendants all withdraw.

' I am your brother Joseph,' then he cries,  
 With tears and melting goodness in his eyes,  
 ' That brother you to Midian merchants sold  
 On Dothan's plain—nor need the rest be told.'  
 The cruel fact, alas ! too well they knew,  
 And, with disorder'd looks, each other view.

He then demands,—' How fares my honour'd sire ?'  
 Confus'd and mute they farther off retire ;  
 A guilty shame on every face was spread.  
 ' Come near, my brethren,' then he mildly said,  
 ' Reflect not on yourselves, with thoughts severe,  
 It was not you, but God, that sent me here ;  
 His goodness rul'd the circumstance and place  
 To save the stock of Abram's sacred race ;  
 Five years of cruel famine yet remain,  
 While, destitute of hope, the careful swain  
 Shall neither sow nor reap—the burning soil  
 Untill'd shall lie, or mock his fruitless toil ;  
 But Heav'n has sent me here to save your lives,

Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.  
 Th' Egyptian king, in every virtue great,  
 Ordains me second ruler in the state :  
 The strength, the power, the wealth of all the land,  
 Without restraint, are trusted to my hand.  
 Return, and in my father's ears relate  
 The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my state ;  
 Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,  
 And throw myself in raptures at his feet :  
 Let him come down to Goshen's healthful air,  
 His whole domestic charge shall be my care.  
 ' Dismiss your fears—this painful silence break !  
 You see a friend ! you hear a brother speak !  
 Behold the tender motions of my heart,  
 No more disguis'd with grandeur or with art !  
 Regard me well, the kindred features trace,  
 You'll find the prints of nature in my face !'

Then clasping round his youngest brother's neck,  
 No longer strives the gushing tears to check ;  
 The friendly ardour throws off all disguise,  
 While nature sits triumphant in his eyes ;  
 Nor less delight transports the gentle youth,  
 Replete with goodness, innocence, and truth,  
 In mutual sympathy their souls were tied,  
 And more by virtue than by birth allied.

Saluting then the rest, with mild address ;  
 He clears their doubts and softens their distress ;  
 Conversing freely, now they quit their fears,  
 While Pharaoh, pleas'd the new adventure hears ;  
 And in his clemency and royal grace,  
 Commands the viceroy some selected place  
 Should be assigned on Goshen's rich champaign,  
 His father's numerous charge to entertain,  
 The regent now, impatient of delay,

With costly presents sends the men away,  
 But with a sparkling Babylonian vest,  
 His youngest friend was grac'd above the rest.

'Make haste,' he said, 'to bring my father down,  
 Tell him I live, and be my greatness known;  
 Take waggons for convenience on the way,  
 Your wives and helpless children to convey;  
 Nor care to gather up your needless stores,  
 The wealth of Zoan's plenteous land is yours.'

At Hebron soon their speedy journey ends,  
 The good old man their coming now attends;  
 Where scarce arriv'd, at once they all relate  
 The welcome news of Joseph's prosperous state.

'Why would you mock my woe with airy schemes,'  
 He fainting said, 'of gay fantastic dreams?'  
 But soon the loaded carriages appear,  
 Recal his life, his drooping spirits cheer.

'My Joseph lives! transporting truth!' he cries,  
 'I'll see his face and close my aged eyes:  
 Content, resign these poor remains of breath,  
 And gently rest in the calm shades death.'

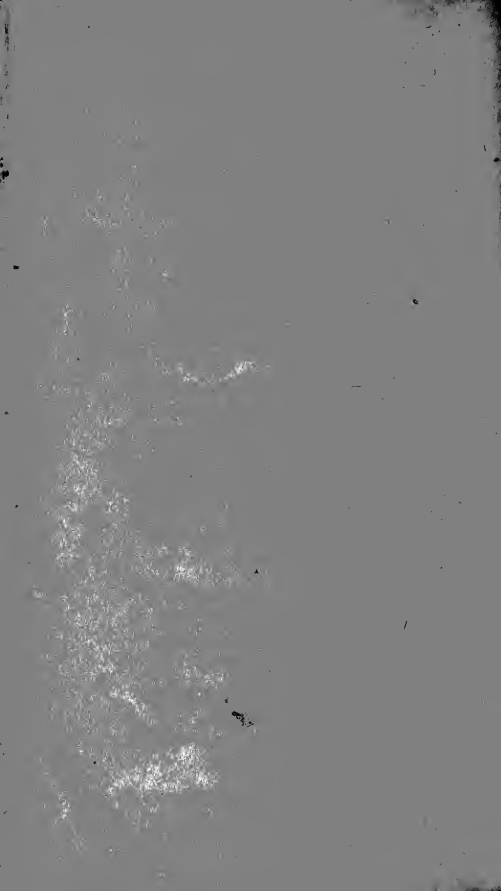
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**HYMNS**

**AND**

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



## HYMN I.

**T**HE glorious armies of the sky,  
To thee, O mighty King !  
Triumphant anthems consecrate,  
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights  
Fall vastly short of thee ;  
How distant then must human praise  
From thy perfections be !

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,  
When to my ravish'd sense  
Each creature in its various ways  
Displays thy excellence ?

The active lights that shine above,  
In their eternal dance,  
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise  
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess  
That thou art much more fair :  
When in the east its beams revive  
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath  
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,  
In balmy whispers own from thee  
Its pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,  
And waters' murmur'ing fall,

To praise the first almighty Cause  
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,  
And shall I silent be?

No, rather let me cease to breathe,  
Than cease from praising thee.

## HYMN II.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,  
My ravish'd soul, and sing  
A solemn hymn of grateful praise,  
To heav'n's almighty King.

Ye purling fountains, as ye roll  
Your silver waves along,  
Whisper to all the verdant shores  
The subject of my song.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,  
The sacred sound retain,  
And from your hollow winding caves  
Return it oft again.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,  
To distant climes away,  
And round the wide extended world  
My lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of his name,  
Ye clouds, as you arise,  
Whether to deck the golden morn  
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

Let harmless thunders roll along  
The smooth ethereal plain,



And answer from the crystal vault  
To ev'ry flying strain.

Long let it warble round the spheres  
And echo through the sky,  
Till angels with immortal skill  
Improve the harmony.

While I with sacred rapture fir'd  
The blest Creator sing,  
And warble consecrated lays  
To heaven's almighty King.

### HYMN III.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist  
Ere time begun its race,  
Before the ample elements  
Fill'd up the voids of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe  
In fluid air was stay'd,  
Before the ocean's mighty springs  
Their liquid stores display'd :

Ere through the gloom of ancient night  
The streaks of light appear'd ;  
Before the high celestial arch  
Or starry poles were rear'd :

Before the loud melodious spheres  
Their tuneful round begun,  
Before the shining roads of heav'n  
Were measur'd by the sun :

Ere through the empyrean courts  
One hallelujah rung,

Or to their harps the sons of light  
Extatic anthems sung :

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,  
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name,  
Thy bliss (O sacred Spring of Life !)  
And glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world  
With sudden ruin break,  
And all this vast and goodly frame  
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When from her orb the moon shall start  
The astonish'd sun roll back,  
While all the trembling starry lamps  
Their ancient course forsake :

For ever permanent and fix'd,  
From agitation free,  
Unchang'd in everlasting years  
Shall thy existence be.

#### HYMN IV.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,  
But not for golden stores ;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems  
On the rich eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy  
Men call a mighty name ;  
Nor greatness in its gayest pride,  
My restless thoughts inflame.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms  
My fond desires allure :

For greater things than these from thee  
My wishes would secure.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles  
That brighten heav'n above,  
The boundless riches of thy grace,  
And treasures of thy love.

These are the mighty things I crave ;  
O ! make these blessings mine,  
And I the glories of the world  
Contentedly resign.

#### HYMN V.

IN vain the dusky night retires,  
And sullen shadows fly ;  
In vain the morn with purple light  
Adorns the eastern sky.

In vain the gaudy rising sun  
The wide horizon gilds,  
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,  
And cheers the dewy fields.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,  
The morning breezes play :  
In vain the birds with cheerful songs  
Salute the new-born day ;

In vain ! unless my Saviour's face  
These gloomy clouds control,  
And dissipate the sullen shades  
That press my drooping soul,

O ! visit then thy servant, Lord,  
With favour from on high ;

Arise, my bright, immortal Sun!  
And all these shades will die.

When, when shall I behold thy face,  
All radiant and serene,  
Without these envious dusky clouds  
That make a veil between?

When shall that long expected day  
Of sacred vision be,  
When my impatient soul shall make  
A near approach to thee?

#### HYMN VI.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,  
To thee, my God I'll sing  
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!  
Awake each charming string!

Awake! and let thy flowing strain  
Glide through the midnight air,  
While high amidst her silent orb  
The silver moon rolls clear.

While all the glitt'ring starry lamps  
Are lighted in the sky,  
And set their Maker's greatness forth,  
To thy admiring eye:

While watchful angels round the just  
As nightly guardians wait,  
In lofty strains of grateful praise  
Thy spirit elevate.

Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!  
Awake each charming string!

Before the rosy dawn of day,  
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw  
A dark and sable veil,  
And all the beauties of the world  
From mortal eyes conceal.

Again, the sky with golden beams  
Thy skilful hands adorn,  
And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,  
The fair ascending morn.

And as the gloomy night returns,  
Or smiling day renews,  
Thy constant goodness still my soul  
With benefits pursues.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,  
With early incense bring;  
And ere the rosy dawn of day  
Thy lofty praises sing.



### HYMN ON THE SACRAMENT.

AND art thou mine, my dearest Lord?  
Then I have all, nor fly  
The boldest wishes I can form  
Unto a pitch more high.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's seal'd  
With thine own precious blood;  
And ev'n almighty pow'r's engag'd  
To see it all made good.

My fears dissolve: for O! what more  
 Could studious bounty do?  
 What further mighty proofs are left  
 Unbounded love to shew?

My faith's confirm'd, nor would I quit  
 My title to thy love  
 For all the valued things below,  
 Or shining things above.

Not at the prosp'rous sinner's state  
 Do I at all repine;  
 No, let 'em parcel out the earth,  
 When heav'n and thou art mine.

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HYMN.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c. Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

THE calls of glory, beauty's smiles,  
 And charms of harmony,  
 Are all but dull insipid things,  
 Compar'd, my God, with thee.

Without thy love I nothing crave,  
 And nothing can enjoy;  
 The proffer'd world I should neglect,  
 As an unenvied toy.

The sun, the num'rous stars, and all  
 The wonders of the skies,  
 If to be purchas'd with thy smiles,  
 Thou knows't I would despise.

What were the earth, the sun, the stars,  
 Or heav'n itself, to me,  
 My life, my everlasting bliss!  
 If not secur'd of thee?

Celestial bow'rs, seraphic songs,  
 And fields of endless light,  
 Would all unentertaining prove,  
 Without thy blissful sight.

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*A DIALOGUE*

BETWEEN THE

SOUL, RICHES, FAME, AND PLEASURE.

*Riches.*

DELUDED mortal, turn and view my store,  
 While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore,  
 The gold of both the Indian worlds is mine,  
 And gems that in the eastern quarry shine.  
 For me advent'rous men attempt the main,  
 And all the fury of its waves sustain,  
 For me all toils and hazards they disdain,  
 For me their country's sold, their faith betray'd;  
 The voice of interest ne'er was disobey'd.

*Soul.*—Yet I thy tempting offers can despise,  
 Nor lose a wish on such a worthless prize.  
 When yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,  
 Thy gold, thy boasted gems, lose all their light.  
 My daring thoughts above these trifles rise,  
 And aim at glorious kingdoms in the skies.  
 I there expect celestial diadems,  
 Out-shining all thy counterfeited gems.

*Fame.*—'Tis nothing strange, that thy ambitious  
 mind,  
 In sordid wealth should no temptation find:  
 But I have terms which thy acceptance claim,

Heroic glory, and a mighty name !  
 To these the greatest souls on earth aspire,  
 Souls most endow'd with the celestial fire ;  
 Whom neither wealth nor beauty can inflame,  
 These hazard all for an illustrious name.

*Soul.*—And yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,  
 Which can no solid satisfaction bring,  
 Should I in costly monuments survive,  
 And, after death, in men's applauses live ;  
 What profit were their vain applause to me,  
 If doom'd below to endless infamy ?  
 Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame  
 With God, and angels, where's my promis'd fame ?  
 But if their approbation I obtain,  
 And deathless wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain,  
 I may the world's false pageantry disdain.

*Pleasure.*—But where the baits of wealth and hon-  
 our fail,  
 Th' enchanting voice of pleasure may prevail ;  
 The lewd and virtuous, both my vassals prove,  
 No breast so guarded but my charms can move,  
 All that delights mankind, attends on me,  
 Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.  
 I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,  
 My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my way.

*Soul.*—But, ah ! these paths to black perdition tend  
 There soon thy soft, deluding visions end,  
 Those smooth, those flow'ry ways, lead down to hell,  
 Where all thy slaves in endless night must dwell,  
 The road of virtue far more rugged is,  
 But, O ! it leads to everlasting bliss,  
 And all beyond the thorny passage lies



The realm of light, discover'd to mine eyes ;  
 Gay bowr's, and streams of joy, and lightsome fields,  
 With happy shades, the beauteous prospect yields ;  
 Those blissful regions I shall shortly gain,  
 Where peace, and love, and endless pleasures reign.

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### A DIALOGUE

*Between the Fallen Angels and a Human Spirit just entered into the other world.*

*Human Spirit.*

LONG struggling in the agonies of death,  
 With horror I resign'd my mortal breath :  
 With horror long the fatal gulf I view'd,  
 And shiv'ring on its utmost edges stood ;  
 Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,  
 I hurried headlong down the gloomy steep :  
 And here of every hope bereft, I find  
 Myself a naked and unbodied mind.  
 My lov'd, my fond officious friends in vain  
 My fleeting soul endeavour'd to retain ;  
 In vain its blooming mansion did invite ;  
 Grandeur, and wealth, and love and soft delight,  
 With tempting calls in vain its flight would stay,  
 When forc'd by the severe decree away.  
 'Tis past—and all like a thin vision gone,  
 For which I have my wretched soul undone ;  
 And wand'ring on this dark detested shore,  
 My eyes shall view the upper light no more.

*Fall. Ang.*—Then welcome to the regions of despair !  
 Thy ruin cost us much design and care,  
 And thou had'st 'scap'd, but for one happy snare ;

And in the blissful skies supplied the place  
 Of some fall'n spirit of our nobler race :  
 Thou couldst the thirst of wine or wealth control,  
 And no malicious sin has stain'd thy soul ;  
 But for the joys of one forbidden love  
 Hast lost the boundless ecstacies above.

*Hum. Sp.*—And all was freely, freely all was lost ;  
 How dear has one soft dream of pleasure cost !  
 But yet this fatal, this enchanting dream,  
 I should, perhaps, beyond ev'n heav'n esteem,  
 Were it as permanent : but, ah ! 'tis gone,  
 And I a wretch abandon'd and undone,  
 Of God, of every smiling hope, am left.  
 And all my dear delights on earth bereft ;  
 While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,  
 For pleasant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,  
 I find polluted dens, and pitchy streams,  
 And burning paths, with beds of raging flames ;  
 Instead of music's sweet inspiring sound,  
 Repeated yells, and endless groans go round ;  
 And for the lovely faces of my friends,  
 I meet the ghastly visages of fiends ;  
 A thousand nameless terrors are behind.  
 Despair, confusion, fury, seize my mind :  
 But will my griefs no happy period find ?

*Fall. Ang.*—Count all the twinkling glories of the sky,  
 Count all the drops that in the ocean lie :  
 Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,  
 Eternal years thy numbers still surmount.  
 Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,  
 Thy misery, thy hell, is but begun.  
 As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliss had been,  
 But for one darling, one beloved sin ;

Cold to the baits of any other vice,  
 Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice ;  
 By this (or all our stratagems had fail'd,)  
 By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.  
 Poor, sottish soul ! below our envy now,  
 For what a toy didst thou a heaven forego !

*Hum. Sp.*—O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell !  
 Just missing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

*Fall. Ang.*—Thou know'st not what thou'st lost, but  
 we too well  
 The glories of that happy place can tell.  
 There endless heights of ecstasy they prove,  
 There's lasting pleasure and immortal love,  
 There flowing pleasures in full torrents roll ;  
 For pleasures form'd, this loss must rack thy soul.

*Hum. Sp.*—With how much cruel art you aggravate  
 My misery's intolerable weight !

*Fall. Ang.*—Our envy once, thou'rt now become our  
 scorn,  
 In vain for thee the Son of God was born ;  
 That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,  
 Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,  
 Serves only to exasperate thy doom,  
 And give th' infernal shades a darker gloom.

*Hum. Sp.*—O ! that's the wounding circumstance of  
 all,  
 To lower depths of woe I cannot fall :  
 Ye curst tormentors, now your rage is spent,  
 Your fury can no further hell invent ;  
 A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,  
 Their worth, till now, I little understood.

## PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my defence and guide,  
 My wants are by his care supplied :  
 He leads me to refreshing shades,  
 Through verdant plains, and flow'ry meads ;  
 And there securely makes me lie,  
 Near silver currents rolling by.  
 To guide my erring feet aright,  
 He gilds my path with sacred light ;  
 And to his own immortal praise,  
 Conducts me in his perfect ways.  
 In death's uncomfortable shade,  
 No terror can my soul invade :  
 While he, my strong defence, is near,  
 His presence scatters all despair.  
 My spiteful foes with envy see  
 His plenteous table spread for me :  
 My cup o'erflows with sparkling wine,  
 With fragrant oils my temples shine.  
 Since God hath wondrous mercies show'd,  
 And crown'd my smiling years with good ;  
 The life he graciously prolongs,  
 Shall be employ'd in grateful songs ;  
 My voice in lofty hymns I'll raise,  
 And in his temple spend my days.

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 PSALM LXXII.

BLEST Prince of Righteousness and Peace,  
 The hope of all mankind !  
 The poor in thy unblemish'd reign,  
 Shall free protection find.

Secure of just redress, to thee  
 The oppress'd his cause shall bring;  
 While with the fruits of sacred peace  
 The joyful fields shall spring.

Through endless years thy glorious name  
 The righteous shall adore,  
 When sun and moon have run their course,  
 And measure time no more.

Thou shalt descend like the soft drops  
 Of kind celestial dews;  
 Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall  
 The joyful spring renews.

The just shall flourish in thy days,  
 And sacred truth abound,  
 While in the skies the changing moon  
 Restores her nightly round.

Peace shall with balmy wings o'ershade  
 Our favour'd walls around:  
 With grass the meads, with plenteous corn,  
 The mountain shall be crown'd.

A handful scatter'd on the earth,  
 Shall rise a wond'rous crop!  
 The loaded stalks shall bend like trees  
 On *Lebanon's* high top.

Thy glory no eclipse shall see,  
 But shine divinely bright,  
 While from his orb the radiant sun  
 Darts undiminish'd light.

Converted nations, blest in thee,  
 Shall magnify thy grace,

Call thee their glorious ransomers,  
And hope of all their race.

With love and sacred rapture fir'd,  
Thy lofty name we'll sing :  
'Thou only wond'rous things hast done,  
The everlasting King !

From all the corners of the earth  
Let grateful praise ascend :  
Let loud *Amens*, and joyful shouts,  
The starry convex rend.

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#### PSALM CXLVI.

**PREPARE** the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,  
And let the glorious theme my soul inspire :  
To thee, my God, I sing ; thy mighty name  
With heav'nly rapture shall my soul inflame.  
My tuneful homage shall like incense rise,  
And glad the air, and reach th' approving skies ;  
While life and breath remain, the sacred song  
Shall fill my breast, and dwell upon my tongue.

As some fair structure, whose firm basis lies  
On strength of rocks, the threat'ning winds defies ;  
So stedfastly my hopes on heav'n are plac'd,  
Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blast.  
Let others still for human help attend,  
And on the flatt'ries of the great depend ;  
Relentless death shall mock their airy trust,  
And lay their boasted confidence in dust.  
As the fantastic visions of the night,  
Before the op'ning morning take their flight,  
So perish all the boasts of men, their pride,

And vain designs, the laughing skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,  
 To whom the mighty God protection gives :  
 The mighty God, who made the stedfast earth,  
 And gave the springs that swell the ocean birth ;  
 Who form'd the stars, and spread the circling skies,  
 And bade the sun in all his glory rise :  
 No breach of faithfulness his honour stains,  
 With day and night his word unchang'd remains :  
 On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,  
 To help th' oppress'd, and answer all their cries ;  
 The orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears,  
 Obtain redress, and fix his list'ning ears :  
 His throne from changes stands forever free,  
 And his dominion shall no period see.



### THOUGHTS OF A DYING CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come ! and joyfully obey  
 The fatal voice that summons me away :  
 With pleasure I resign this mortal breath,  
 And fall a willing sacrifice to death.  
 O welcome stroke, that gives me liberty !  
 Welcome, as to the slave, a jubilee !  
 Of the vain world I take my last adieu,  
 The promis'd land is now within my view ;  
 The clouds dispel, the stormy danger's past,  
 And I attain the peaceful shores at last.  
 My hope's dear objects now are all in sight,  
 The lands of love, and unexhausted light :  
 The flowing streams of joy, and endless bliss,  
 The shining plains, and walks of paradise ;  
 The trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,

The tall celestial groves, and charming bow'rs,  
 I breathe the balmy empyrean air,  
 The songs of angels, and their harps I hear ;  
 And scarce the fierce, tyrannic joy can bear

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### A SONG OF PRAISE.

PREPARE, my soul, thy noblest lays,  
 And speak thy great deliv'rer's praise.  
 Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,  
 Nor let one grateful string be mute :  
 And, O ! ye sacred pow'rs of love,  
 Let me all your influence prove :  
 Ye heav'nly virtues, guide my tongue,  
 Or teach me some celestial song ;  
 Such as your own flame inspires,  
 When you touch your golden lyres ;  
 And in the fair ethereal bow'rs,  
 Sing away your happy hours.

Begin, begin the tuneful lays,  
 While the morning's early rays  
 All their golden lustre spread  
 O'er the tow'ring mountain's head ;  
 Nor cease till noon, till sable night  
 Conceal the world from mortal sight.

From the lowest depths of care,  
 To God I send a doubtful prayer ;  
 Yet he lent a gracious ear,  
 And scatter'd all my groundless fear.

While these lips draw vital breath,  
 Till I close my eyes in death,  
 I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,  
 Nor thoughtless of thy favours prove.



Beneath thy shadowing wing's defence  
 I'll place my only confidence ;  
 In ev'ry danger and distress,  
 To thee I will my pray'r address.  
 Let all my hopes on earth be lost,  
 In thee I'll make my constant boast ;  
 I'll spread the glories of thy name,  
 And thy unbounded love proclaim.

You that sink in dark despair,  
 To God direct your humble pray'r ;  
 From his lofty seat he hears  
 Our sad complaints, and dries our tears ;  
 He regards the pensive breast,  
 And gives the weary pilgrim rest ;  
 On human mis'ries, from his throne,  
 With soft compassion he looks down ;  
 The weight of all our grief he knows,  
 And seems to share our secret woes.

Lord, what is man, that he should prove  
 The object of such boundless love ?  
 Whence can such wondrous bounty spring,  
 To such a vain and worthless thing ?  
 Why should he so largely share  
 Thy favour, and thy tender care ?  
 Why thy sacred thoughts employ,  
 In the heights of perfect joy ?

O let ev'ry grateful tongue  
 Speak thy praise in lofty song ;  
 And thou, my soul, join all thy pow'rs,  
 In this blest work employ thy hours.

## ON THE NAME OF JESUS.

IF love, if joy, if gràtitude can speak,  
 If sacred rapture can its silence break;  
 Yet once more let me tune my harp for thee,  
 Thou source of the divine benignity :  
 On this side heav'n yet once more let me sing,  
 Ere to thy praise I set th' immortal string ;  
 In mortal strains permit me to rehearse  
 Thy name, and with it grace my humble verse.

Ye winds, to heav'n the sacred accents bear,  
 For heav'n delights the glorious sound to hear.  
 Ye angels, take it on your golden lyres,  
 Voices like yours the mighty word requires.  
 Seraph and cherub, speak, is there a sound  
 More sweet than this in all your language found ?  
 Is there within the bounds of paradise,  
 A note of harmony compar'd to this ?

Ye heav'nly pow'rs, your gentle warmth infuse,  
 And tell me what sweet eloquence you use ;  
 I burn in sacred flames, like yours, and fain  
 Would talk and sing, in your immortal strain ;  
 My voice would mix with the melodious spheres,  
 And please, with soft attraction, angel's ears.

Ye winds, to heav'n the glorious accents bear,  
 For heav'n delights the charming name to hear :  
 I'll breathe it with the morning's fragrant air,  
 Its pleasing echoes shall the ev'ning cheer.  
 The fields, the lawns, and ev'ry shady grove,  
 The sweet retirements, and delights of love,  
 Shall learn from me the dear inspiring name,  
 And all be witness to my holy flame.

## AN ODE TO VIRTUE.

CELESTIAL Virtue, offspring of the sky,  
 For thee alone I touch the trembling string ;  
 Assist thy modest votary,  
 And take the humble incense that I bring :  
 Excuse at least the doubtful song,  
 While mortal lays the lofty subject wrong.  
 Thy charms, bright Virtue, all mankind confess ;  
 And ev'n the monster Vice,  
 When she the unpractis'd sinner would entice,  
 To meet his first attempt she borrows thy address,  
 Is bashful yet and nice,  
 A virgin delicacy seems to wear :  
 For should her own deformity  
 Without disguise appear,  
 What doating wretch but would the terror fly ?  
 What desp'rate fool, should she unveil her face,  
 Would tempt perdition for the curst embrace ?  
 Preceding times in great examples shew  
 What human minds, inspir'd by thee, can do.  
 By gen'rous principles and honour led,  
 The lovely *Syrian*, in his blooming age,  
 Refus'd the fond *Egyptian's* bed,  
 And stedfastly repuls'd her am'rous rage.  
 When ancient *Tanis* in her glory stood,  
 Proud of her palmy groves and sacred flood ;  
 Which gently flowing from its heav'nly source,  
 Enrich'd her level borders with its course :  
 Vast pyramids, with elevated heads,  
 Pointed the plains, and stretch'd their spiral shades  
 To distant woods, and far extended meads,  
 Rich *Thebes*, devoted to the god of day,

Stood, like her own resplendent planet, gay,  
 The lofty domes with golden lustre shone,  
 An hundred gates adorn'd the pop'lous town ;  
 The buildings all were rais'd with wond'rous cost,  
 With silver foliage the high roofs emboss'd :  
 Well finish'd sculpture on the walls was shewn ;  
 For art was here in full perfection known,  
     Ere *Phidias* wrought in *Parian* stone,  
 Or *Greece* her skilful *Dædalus* could boast.  
 Th' *Egyptian* court with soft *Assyria* vied  
     In all her luxury and pride :  
     But *Pharaoh's* age no promis'd heir supplied ;  
 His beauteous daughter all his hopes betray'd,  
     To *Isis* she herself had vow'd  
     A consecrated maid ;  
 The sacred crescent on her breast she wore,  
 Her robe with golden stars was spangled o'er.  
     To *Nilus'* banks the pious fair,  
 Performing holy rites, did now repair ;  
 When from the shore an infant's feeble cries  
     Her virgin train surprise :  
 Among the reeds a lovely boy they found,  
 His temples with an ambient glory crown'd ;  
 Divine presages sparkled in his face,  
 Unvulgar beauty, and expressless grace.  
 ' The gods have thus,' the joyful princess cried,  
 ' My father's wishes with an heir supplied.'  
 Young *Moses* her adopted son she nam'd ;  
 But when his years had reach'd their manly prime,  
     The title he disclaim'd ;  
 Govern'd by motives more sublime,  
 While heav'nly Virtue his high thoughts inflam'd.  
     By heav'nly Virtue led,  
 Th' *Egyptian* court, and all its pomp he fled ;

And wand'ring far away on *Midian* plains,  
 An humble life he chose among the swains.  
 In moving lays he taught the rural throng  
 Celestial truths; while list'ning to his strain,  
     The flying winds their breath retain,  
 And winding currents slowly glide along.  
 Of chaos and the world's great birth he sung,  
 How from the word divine the fair creation sprung.  
 High *Horeb* from his cloudy summit heard  
 The tuneful sound, long e'er the *Thracian* bard,  
 On *Hemus'* banks, in potent numbers strove  
 A savage nation wisely to improve.

When on *Bethoron's* plains great *Joshua* chas'd  
     The *Amorean* kings;  
 Lest darkness o'er their flight her veil should cast,  
 And from his sword protect them with her wings,  
 Forward before his wond'ring troops he sprung,  
 Pois'd in his hand a trembling jav'lin hung:  
 Mov'd by an instigation all divine,  
 Heroic Virtue, the great hint was thine.

When on the sparkling skies  
     The daring warrior fix'd his eyes,  
 Some god the soldiers in his face regard,  
 While from his lips these mighty words they heard:  
 'Thou sun,' he boldly cried, 'thou sun, stand still,  
 Nor stretch thy shades on *Gibeah's* lofty hill;  
 And thou, fair moon, retard thy hasty flight,  
 And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night!  
 Astonish'd nature instantly obey'd,  
 And in a deep suspense the heav'nly motions stay'd.  
 Nor leave the tuneful heroine unnam'd,  
 Ye virgin muses, who her breast inflam'd,  
 Virtue no brighter votary can boast,  
     No brighter names in all her list appear:

The warrior's crown, and poet's wreath she claim'd,  
 She touch'd the lyre, and shook the pointed spear,  
 The life and glory of the *Hebrew* host :  
 Old *Kishon* to her aid his billows brought,  
 And on her side the marshall'd planets fought.  
 The *Medes* subdued, and *Ecbatana* ras'd ;  
 The haughty *Persian* with fresh laurels grac'd,  
 To *Jordan's* banks his num'rous forces led.

Wide as th' eastern rule is spread,  
 The distant realms his glad assistants come :  
 From *Serica*, and *Oxus'* borders some,  
 From *Indus'* and imperial *Ganges'* shores,  
 And where *Iaxartes'* rapid current roars,  
 The hardy race on wild *Hyrkania* bred,  
 Advanc'd with bold intrepid breasts.  
 The tall *Armenians* with their waving crests,  
 And *Parthians* with their backward bows,  
 A dreadful scene on *Hebron's* plains disclose.  
 But none in courage or in splendor vied  
 With the gay troops that left the flow'ry fields,  
 Where royal *Ulai* rolls his crystal tide ;  
 Their helmets gold, and gold their blazing shields,  
 With dancing plumes and *Tyrian* scarves, from far  
 They shone the pride and terror of the war :  
 With airy feet their coursers spurn'd the plains,  
 In silver trappings deck'd ;  
 With silver curbs and scarlet reins  
 Their fiery rage their graceful riders check'd.  
 Encamp'd before the sacred hill they lay,  
 Where *Salem's* lofty tow'rs their strength display.  
 While to their great forefather's aid  
 With stedfast zeal the sons of *Israel* pray'd ;  
 The potent prayer prevails ; a *Hebrew* dame  
 By heav'n was destin'd to the great event,

To fix a scandal on th' *Assyrian* name,  
 A lasting scandal, and immortal shame.  
 Led by the mighty impulse, *Judith* went  
 Undaunted to the *Persian* leader's tent;  
 The chief with wonder gazes on the fair,  
 Her gesture free, engaging all her air.

A nice reserve and modest pride  
 Chasten'd the native softness in her looks descried,  
 Her features nobly turn'd, her cheeks disclose  
 A fresher blush than paints the blooming rose.  
 Her eyes were black, and black her shining hair:  
 Black as the midnight clouds, which sometimes grace  
 With chequer'd shades the moon's resplendent face;  
 Part to the sight was in loose curls expos'd,

The rest a spangled caul inclos'd:  
 To that a white transparent veil was join'd,  
 Which negligently hover'd to the wind.  
 With envious art a shade of finest lawn  
 Was o'er her swelling bosom drawn;  
 A sparkling diamond hung at either ear,  
 And rubies round her swelling neck appear,  
 Her robes were costly silk, and ev'ry fold  
 Varied with blue and winding streaks of gold.  
 She soon protection and redress obtain'd;

While from the *Persian* chief  
 Her moving words procur'd belief,  
 And easy credit gain'd.  
 A rich pavilion to his own adjoin'd,  
 Was to the fair that night assign'd,  
 Assur'd from all a just respect to find.  
 The charming *Hebrew* with her maid retir'd,  
 And left the gen'ral with her beauty fir'd;  
 But gentle sleep his am'rous cares appeas'd,  
 While through the camp the midnight riot ceas'd.

Darkness and silence now combine  
To favour *Judith* in her great design.

Undaunted Virtue fill'd her breast,  
Undaunted Virtue her whole soul possest ;  
While by a glimm'ring taper led,  
She found the sleeping warrior's bed :  
His sword with an audacious air she took,  
And freed her nation at one noble stroke.

By *Grecian* heroes wonders have been done,  
And lasting fame for great achievements won ;  
But all they tell wild fictions prove,  
Of fated armour, and assisting *Jove*.  
No partial goddess to *Achilles* brought  
A spear and seven-fold shield by *Vulcan* wrought.  
No *Pallas* to the field *Atrides* led,  
Nor grac'd the chariot with young *Diomed*,  
When from his raging sword the *Trojans* fled ;

But Virtue own'd the *Argive's* cause,  
Avenging breach of faith and hospitable laws :  
Their best success was owing still to thee,  
Their prosp'rous genius thou, and aiding deity.  
At ancient *Rome* thy name was long ador'd,  
For thee they drew, for thee they sheath'd the sword.

Great *Numa* oft convers'd with thee,  
Amidst the gloomy night's solemnity.

While the pale moon with silver beams  
Chequer'd the shades, and glimmer'd on the streams,  
*Egeria* or *Urania*, nymphs divine,  
He oft invoc'd by some clear fountain's fall :  
However nam'd, the lovely form was thine

That answer'd still his call ;  
From thee he learn'd by gentle arts t' assuage  
The *Sabines'* sullen hatred, and the *Roman* rage.



Nor *Faunus* gave (as story tells)  
 The peaceful prince fantastic spells ;  
 To charm fierce lions from their prey,  
 Or swelling torrents in their banks to stay ;  
 To turn the lightning's fatal force,  
 Or break the raging thunder's course :  
 These great effects, celestial piety,  
 These great effects belong alone to thee.  
*Manlius* and great *Camillus* owe to thee  
 Their fame and glorious immortality.  
*Horatius* fought by thee sustain'd,  
 When singly he th' unequal war maintain'd ;  
 In vain to pass the bridge the *Tuscans* strove,  
 Backward whole squadrons with his spear he drove ;  
 Fix'd as his country's guardian god,  
 On *Tiber's* banks the hero stood,  
 And stain'd the foaming stream with hostile blood,  
 In vain ill omens would *Flaminius* fright :  
 In vain his courser, with unusual fears,  
     Still backward from the fight  
     The furious warrior bears ;  
 Unmanag'd o'er the wide campaign he flew,  
 And from his seat the daring rider threw ;  
     The daring rider mounts again,  
 And urg'd the battle on the destin'd plain ;  
 Unterrified with *Hannibal's* great name,  
     And full of martial flame,  
 Still foremost on the glitt'ring spears he prest,  
 The *Roman* genius, for his life distress,  
 With a prodigious earthquake shook the ground ;  
     The violent force  
 Pour'd back the rivers to their inmost source,  
 Revers'd the floods, and chang'd their native course.

Thrice from the skies portentous thunders sound,  
 And thrice ill-boding lightnings blaz'd around ;  
 Nor earthquakes, lightnings, nor the thund'ring skies,  
 A breast with virtue guarded can surprise :

Still resolute and bold,

*Flaminius* on the thickest dangers flies,  
 And bravely met the fate the warning gods foretold.  
 If ever praise to *Roman* worth was due,  
 If ever Virtue could distinction claim,

Great *Scipio*, thy illustrious name  
 Shall stand the foremost in the lists of fame,  
 And future times thy triumphs shall renew.

The conduct of *Fabricius*' age,  
 And young *Minutius*' martial rage,  
 In thee were eminently found :

With all that men revere, or heav'n applauds,  
 Thy glorious life was crown'd.

*Rome*'s mighty empire seem'd alone on thee  
 Dependent for security :

Without thee, ev'n her boasted gods  
 Had ill defended their own gay abodes,  
 Whatever wreaths at *Thebes* or *Troy* were gain'd,  
 Whatever fame at *Salamis* obtain'd,

Or at *Arbella*'s fatal field ;  
 Their most illustrious deeds to thine must yield.  
 Nor wast thou in thy public life more great,  
 Than in thy last retreat

To the *Linternian* shades, thy humble seat.  
 In all things thou wast modest still and brave,  
 Neither to Vice, nor Virtue's self a slave ;  
 Virtue was choice, delib'rate choice, in thee,  
 Not philosophic pride, nor dull necessity.

Bright goddess, what resistless charms are thine,  
 That men for thee all human things forego,

And willingly resign

The dearest ties and softest names below ?  
By what strange arguments dost thou engage  
Unpractis'd youth, and spiritless old age,  
To brave, for thee, the fiercest tyrant's rage ?  
Bright goddess, thou the cause alone canst tell,  
And all the sacred mystery reveal.

'Tis done ! immortal light without control  
Comes rushing like a mighty torrent on my soul.  
Transporting scenes are open'd to my eyes,  
I see the inmost glories of the skies ;  
I see the bright distinguish'd crown,  
That led the conqu'ring martyrs on ;  
I walk among the mansions of the gods,  
The soft recesses, and the blest abodes ;  
I trace the happy vales and lightsome plains,  
Where pleasure, peace, and love triumphant reigns ;  
Through all the region round  
The voice of festival, and nuptial songs  
Perpetually resound.  
Ineffable the rest,  
And by immortal tongues  
Alone to be exprest.

All hail, ye scourges, flames, and tort'ring wheels !  
Your force no more the shiv'ring fancy feels,

Enlighten'd thus, *Romanus* tried  
The tyrant's utmost cruelty and pride.

*Lucius* with these bright prospects fir'd,  
And young *Hormisda*, their tormentors tir'd :  
*Rhea* and *Dionysia* trampled down  
Opposing hell, and gain'd the martyr's crown.

With arts more fatal *Decius* strove  
*Nicetas*' fortitude to move.

In a delicious garden's soft retreat

The youth was gently laid,

Wrapt in a silken net,

A flow'ry couch beneath him spread,

Where fragrant jess'mines lent a grateful shade ;

A dying breeze, a fountain's easy fall,

Mix'd with melodious birds, for gay delights did call.

While a young harlot in the tempting pride

Of airy life and wanton beauty, tried

With guilty blandishment and art,

Obscene caresses and licentious song,

To poison with contagious flames his heart,

To tempt the saint his holy vows to wrong ;

Unconquer'd yet the youthful saint remain'd,

And all her proffer'd charms and lew'd address dis-  
dain'd.

*Eulalia* to the stern tribunal press'd,

And boldly there the *christian* faith profess'd ;

The savage judge suspends her doom,

Touch'd with her dawning charms and early bloom.

To *Jove's* high shrine they led the tender maid ;

The priest in his fantastic pomp array'd,

A golden censer brought,

With consecrated odours fraught,

Which fiercely from his hand the virgin caught ;

Beneath her feet the smoking gums she trod,

Derides the bigot and insults his god :

Unmov'd the senseless idol stands,

With useless thunder in his passive hands ;

But all their rage his wild adorers show,

And in their cruelty

Surpass'd the fiends below.

Their scourges, pincers, and their racks they tried :

By more than human fortitude sustain'd,

The suff'ring maid her constancy retain'd :  
 'Be all the pow'rs of death and hell defied !  
 Your malice can no more,' she faintly cried,  
 And smiling on her curst tormentors, died.  
 Nor virtue with preceding times is lost,  
 Nor *Rome* alone illustrious names can boast ;  
 The charming goddess has not left the stage,  
 A thousand great examples grace the present age :  
 But Virtue ne'er with brighter pomp was seen,  
 Nor wore a nobler form than in the *British*\* Queen.  
 Thou art thy own immense reward,

Should man no future state regard :  
 Where fields of light, and gay ethereal plains,  
 The sanguine flights of visionary brains ;

The happy mind possess'd of thee  
 Would find unmingled joy, and true felicity.  
 Were there no gloomy shores, no burning lakes,  
 No chains of darkness, nor infernal racks ;  
 Were hell a wild, enthusiastic dream,  
 A statesman trick, a poet's lying theme,

A pious fraud, a black deceit  
 Of mercenary priests, the world to cheat ;  
 Yet still within itself a guilty mind  
 The emphasis of ev'ry plague would find.

\* Written before the year 1710.

## THE CONFLAGRATION.

AN ODE.

SUPINE as men before the deluge lay,  
 In melting joys and luxury dissolv'd,  
 Till swift destruction swept them all away,  
 The stupid world will then be found,  
 In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,  
 When loud to judgement the last trumpets sound.

Then time shall be no more,  
Nor months and years proportion'd by the sun ;

Which ne'er again shall run,  
With vig'rous pride the shining zodiac o'er.

A sudden change the living shall translate  
To an immortal from a mortal state ;  
While those that slumber in the grave awake  
In crowds, their former vehicles to take,  
Endued with principles that may sustain  
Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

And now begins the universal wreck :  
The wheels of nature stand, or change their course,  
And backward hurrying with disorder'd force,

The long establish'd laws of motion break.  
The reflux rivers to their fountains run,  
Their ancient paths and well-known channels shun,  
The seas their sandy banks deride,

And know their bounds no more,  
Against the rocks, with stormy pride,

The angry billows roar :  
Now swelling, like transparent mounts appear,  
Which to the clouds their lofty summits rear,  
And mingle with the virgin waters there :  
Here, like the mouth of hell, vast whirlpools yawn,  
And down the rapid gulf whole floods and isles are  
drawn.

Prodigious thunders shake the sky,  
As from their cells with clam'rous rage they break ;  
Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,  
And trace the clouds with many a fiery streak :

While in the darken'd air  
With horrid beams malignant comets glare.  
Encount'ring tempests strive,  
Which mighty winds across each other drive,

Loos'd from the spacious cavities below,  
 From all the adverse points of heav'n they blow,  
 And murmur from afar with stormy sound ;  
 While burning bolts and hail-stones rake the ground.  
 Resistless whirlwinds bluster here and there,  
 Trees from their roots, stones from their rocks they  
 tear.

The central fire within its prison raves,  
 And all the globe with strong concussions shakes,  
 As from its urn in sulph'rous waves

The dreadful element breaks ;  
 Through all the gloomy vaults around it flows,  
 Through ev'ry cleft and winding fissure glows,  
 And wild excursions makes :

Its course no subterranean damp oppose,  
 From vein to vein the active particles take fire,  
 And towards the surface of the globe aspire ;  
 Whole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,  
 Whole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in ;

Wide gapes the direful gulf, and where  
 Tall mountains stood, prodigious chasms appear  
 With wilder fury here.

The fierce materials outward rush,  
 And where, ev'n now, a level plain was spread,  
 Vast rocks and frowning steeps erect their hideous  
 head :

From whose dark entrails livid torrents gush,  
 And glowing cataracts spout :

Like *Ætna* now the new *Volcano* roars,  
 Unwieldy stones, and burning crags throws out,  
 With show'rs of sand, and seas of melted ores.

While louder still on high the trumpets sound,  
 And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.  
 Hell's deep foundations the strange echoes shake,

With terrors fill each raging fiend,  
 The earth with strong concussions rend,  
 And wide disclose the vast infernal lake,  
 With all the execrable dens below,  
 The dwellings of unutterable woe.  
 Thick steams from the unbottom'd gulf arise  
 And blacken all the skies :

The startled sun winks at the horrid sight,  
 And robs the moon of all her silver light ;  
 While ev'ry gay ethereal flame expires,  
 Or to its first original retires.  
 Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels ;  
 Each planet from its shatter'd axis reels,  
 And orbs immense on orbs immense drop down,  
 Like scatt'ring leaves from off their branches blown.

Again the great archangel's summons fly  
 Through, earth, through hell, and all the ample vaults  
 on high ;

Wide fly the portals of eternal day,  
 To give the King of glory way :  
 And, lo ! the Son of God descends,  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends ;  
 On low'ring clouds he sits enthron'd,  
 Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play,  
 And bellowing thunders with shrill voices sound :  
 To judge the world he comes with awful state,  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand on him wait :

Cherub and Seraphim,  
 With mighty chiefs, and splendid dignities,  
 Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,  
 Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.

And (if a muse might dare  
 Things so extremely distant to compare)  
 Like *Hesperus* leading on the countless stars,



The God before his radiant train appears ;  
 Divine his form, ineffable his air,  
 At once benignant, solemn, and severe ;  
 Around him dart refulgent beams,  
 And from his eyes approachless glory streams.

The waters see, and downward sink,  
 The mountains melt like wax before the fire,  
 The folding heav'ns together shrink,  
 And with a mighty noise the clashing orbs retire.  
 Despairing, trembling, mad, the vicious fly,  
 And to the falling rocks for shelter cry ;  
 To hell's impenetrable shades would run,  
 The face of their vindictive Judge to shun.

The shudd'ring fiends t' avoid his sight,  
 Beneath the burning deeps would hide :  
 Unable now to bear celestial light,  
 Or the resplendence of his looks abide.

Unmov'd alone the virtuous now appear,  
 And in their looks a calm assurance wear,  
 Nor hell nor all its horrors fear.

From east, from west, from north, and south they come,  
 To take from the most righteous Judge their doom ;  
 Who thus to them, with a serene regard ;

(The books of life before him laid,  
 And all the secret records wide display'd)  
 ' According to your works be your reward ;  
 As my reproach and cross you did not fear,  
 To men and angels I approve you here  
 Possess immortal kingdoms as your due,  
 Prepar'd from an eternal date for you.'

The glitt'ring legions shout above,  
 And down ten thousand heav'nly guardians fly,  
 T' attend their joyful charges to the sky :  
 And upward now with wondrous pomp they move,  
 Melodious welcomes they receive on high,

With shining robes, victorious palms and crowns,  
 Celestial dignities, and everlasting thrones ;  
 While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,  
 Break from their eyes, and on their faces shine.

Th' apostate spirits rage, as when they fell  
 From off th' ethereal battlements to hell.  
 To see the humble race of man supply  
 Their once illustrious stations in the sky.  
 The sinners gnash their teeth for envy too ;  
 To whom thus speaks the wrathful Deity :

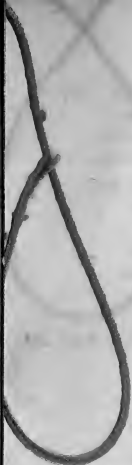
‘ From me, accurst ! for ever go,  
 And dwell with endless burnings, endless night and  
     woe.

In vain in your adversity you cry,  
 Inexorable to your cries I'll be,  
     As you were once to me ?

Like stings these fatal accents wound,  
 And all the wretched sinners' pleas confound ;  
 Opprest with shame, confusion, and despair,  
 They sink, nor can the heavy judgement bear.  
 The unfathom'd deep to swallow them gapes wide :

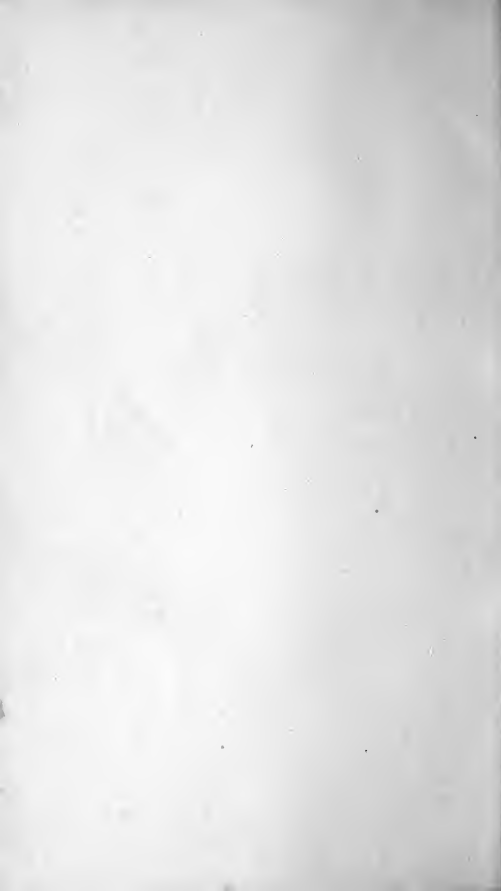
And now without control  
     The fiery surges roll,  
 And hell extends itself on ev'ry side !  
 Where, without intermission, without end,  
 Howling and lamentations loud ascend ;  
 With flames and hellish smother, which appear  
 To form about the globe a dreadful atmosphere.  
 Why vice was prosp'rous, virtue why distress,  
     With all the deep writ sense,  
 The dark mysterious ways of Providence,  
 To men and angels now are manifest.

FINIS.

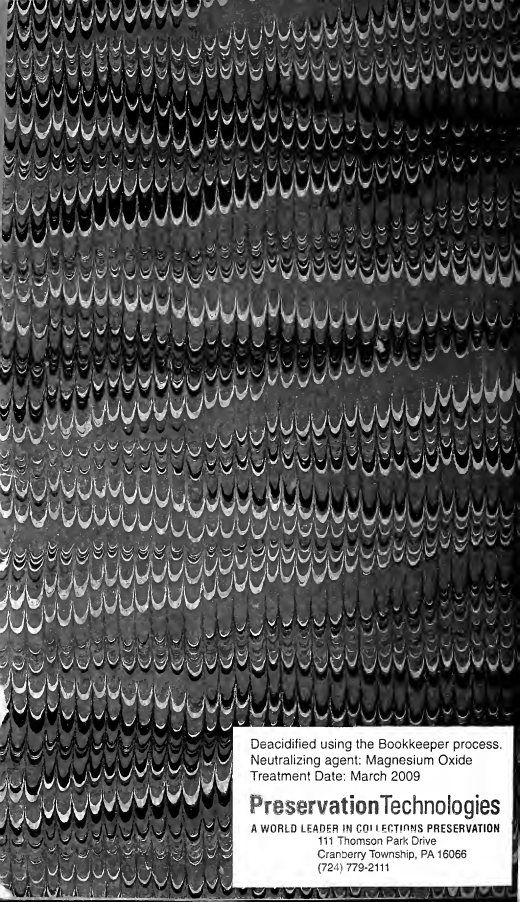












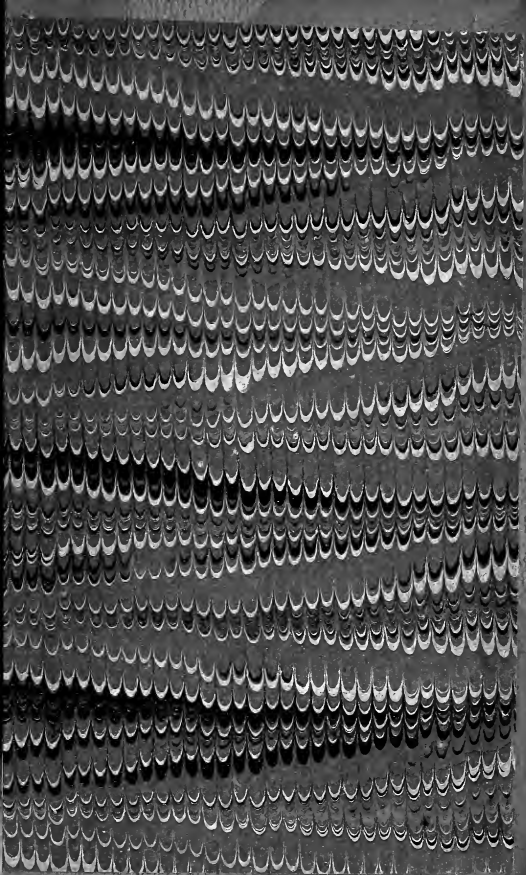
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2009

## **Preservation Technologies**

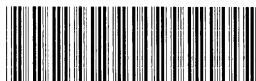
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